The Relief Society Magazine

Volume XXI APRIL, 1934 No. 4

MRS HELENA HANSEN
950 NO 1 E
PROVO UTAH

Sugar in Paper Bags

Some grocers are buying outside sugars —rebagging in paper containers—inferring in many instances that it is UTAH sugar.

Don't be misled.

Insist on **UTAH SUGAR** in original containers.

LOOK FOR THE LABEL

At All Reliable Grocers

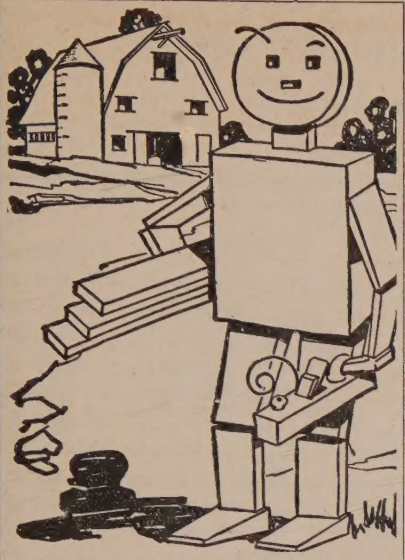
GREATER POWER... GREATER SMOOTHNESS

PEP 88

CLIMATE CONTROLLED SUPERFUEL

WITH TETRAETHYL LEAD

Highest Anti Knock Value at Price of Regular



Sugar House Lumber and Hardware Co.

"If it goes in the building we sell it"

Hy. 555 **M. O. Ashton, Mgr.**

For INTERIOR DECORATION in Modern Colors

BENNETT'S Gloss Interior Finish

Dries Overnight to a Brilliant Finish

See the Color Cards

BENNETT GLASS & PAINT CO.

61-65 W. First South

SALT LAKE CITY

Dealers throughout Utah and Southern Idaho

Absolutely NEW

KITCHEN HAPPINESS

As different from ordinary kitchen equipment as 1934 autos are from "horse-and-buggy" models!

And it's coming your way with

Natural Gas

Easier kitchen work, shorter hours. added beauty and charm in your kitchen! That's modern Kitchen Happiness . . . brought to you by a new Gas Range and an automatic GAS REFRIGERATOR. Find out how easily you can have these marvelous advantages in your own home.

Come in and see for yourself

UTAH GAS & COKE CO.

OGDEN GAS CO.

WASATCH GAS CO.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. XXI APRIL, 1934 No. 4

CONTENTS

Easter Lilies ..... Frontispiece
Easter ..... Elsie E. Barrett 193
The Eternal Bridge ..... Judge Nephi Jensen 195
Companionship ..... Linda S. Fletcher 199
Many a Milestone is Marked with a Cross ..... Caroline Eyring Miner 200
Anne Brent, Helpmate ..... Elsie Chamberlin Carroll 201
The Prodigal Son's Mother Speaks ..... M. Bell 204
Life ..... Blanche Robbins 205
"Gold is Where You Find It" ..... Elizabeth Cannon Porter 206
Shadows ..... Vesta P. Crawford 209
Silver ..... Mabel Spande Harmer 209
Your Home Beautiful ..... Mabel Margaret Luke 210
With the Rain ..... Harrison R. Merrill 214
We Need a Garden ..... Afton Free Baird 215
"Believest Thou This?" ..... Helen Hinckley 216
My Pick-pocket ..... Virginia B. Jacobson 218
My Picture of Life ..... Thomas Cottam Romney 219
How to Choose a Birthplace ..... H. E. Kleinschmidt, M.D. 220
Beloved ..... Weston N. Nordgren 221
Rickets—A Deficiency Disease ..... Lucy Rose Middleton 222
Dumb ..... Annie Pike Greenwood 223
Looking Back Over the Years ..... Sarah McLelland 224
Happenings ..... Annie Wells Cannon 226
Young Mothers ..... Holly Baxter Keddington 227
Notes from the Field 229
Editorial—Let Us Have Peace 231
Congratulations 232
A Worthy Project 233
Lesson Department 235
My Song of Songs ..... Henry F. Kirkham 250

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Editorial and Business Offices: 20 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah
Telephone Wasatch 3540

Subscription Price: $1.00 a year; foreign, $1.25 a year; payable in advance.
Single copy, 10c.

The *Magazine* is not sent after subscription expires. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving both old and new address.

Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Stamps should accompany manuscripts for their return.

When Buying Mention Relief Society Magazine

Temple Brand GARMENTS

Of superior quality and workmanship manufactured for the

SALT LAKE KNITTING STORE

And sold at prices defying competition. When ordering from us remember We Pay Postage Anywhere in the U. S. A.

FOR LADIES

No.		
703	Flat Weave Spring Needle	$ .98
719	Ribbed Light Weight	1.10
792	Fine Quality Cotton Lisle	1.25
713	Light Weight Silk and Lisle	1.00
711	Silk Stripe Light Wt.	1.25
736	Fine Quality Cotton Lt. Wt.	.75
762	Non-Run Rayon	1.25
716	Extra Fine Quality Run Proof	1.49
735	Light Weight Cotton Ribbed	.89
720	Fine Quality Non-Run Rayon	1.75

FOR MEN

No.		
662	Men's Non-Run Rayon	$1.25
610	Ribbed Light Wt. Spring Needle	1.10
602	Extra Fine Quality Lisle	1.25
614	Med. Wt. Ex. Quality	1.25
636	Light Weight Cotton	.75
636	Fine Quality Light Weight	.75
664	Med. Heavy Wt. Cotton	1.95
601	Med. Weight New Style Only	1.25
635	New Style Light Wt. Cotton	.89

Garments Marked Upon Request. 10c for Cotton—Silk 15c

Prices Subject to Change Without Notice. 20% Extra Charge for Sizes Over 46

Do not fail to specify New or Old Style and if for Man or Woman. also state if long or short sleeve, short or long legs are wanted. Give accurate Bust Measurement, Height and Weight. Samples Sent Upon Request.

SALT LAKE KNITTING STORE

42 So. Main St., Salt Lake City, Utah—OLDEST KNITTING STORE IN UTAH

NEW HEADQUARTERS FOR LATTER-DAY SAINT GARMENTS

FROM FACTORY TO YOU

We Solicit Your Mail Orders

No. 88.	Lt. Wt. Men's and Ladies' New Style	$ .65
No. 89.	Med. Wt. Men's and Ladies' New Style	1.10
No. 80.	Heavy Wt. Men's Double Back	1.35
No. 81.	Heavy Wt. Old Style Double Back	1.50
No. 87.	Lt. Wt. Old and New Styles	.85
No. 84.	Med. Lt. Wt. Men's and Ladies' New Style	.85
No. 85.	Very Special Non-Run Garments—Guaranteed—Not To Run Rayon. Special	1.15

Specify when ordering, your bust trunk and length, whether new or old style, and if men's or ladies'. We Pay Postage Anywhere in the United States.

MOSE LEWIS 14 SO. MAIN ST. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Complete Suits for Men and Women—Children's Clothing a Specialty
Prompt and Careful Attention to Mail, Telephone and Telegraph Orders

Temple and Burial Clothes

Variety of Grades and Prices

GENERAL BOARD RELIEF SOCIETY

Open Daily—9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Telephone Wasatch 3286 **29 Bishop's Building**

Salt Lake City, Utah

A NEW

EUREKA

WITH
MOTOR-DRIVEN BRUSH
LIGHT—EASY TO HANDLE
AGREEABLY QUIET

This sensational new Eureka with motor-driven brush is designed to meet the requirements of those who desire a motor-driven brush but recognize the necessity of "High Vacuum" (powerful suction) for the thorough removal of embedded dirt.

Unnecessary weight and awkward size have been carefully avoided. It is quiet—agreeably quiet. The demonstration! It is spectacular — sensational — thrilling. Embedded soda fairly "boils" from the rug. Sand dances—how it dances! Surface litter — lint, hair and threads — are instantly removed by its motor-driven brush. This new Eureka cleans faster—cleans better.

$5.00 Down—Balance on Easy Terms
Phone for Demonstration

Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Co.
Salt Lake City, Utah
177 East Broadway Phone Wasatch 4764

Complete Suits for Men and Women—Children's Clothing A Specialty

Prompt and Careful Attention to Mail, Telephone and Telegraph Orders

Temple and Burial Clothes

Variety of Grades and Prices

GENERAL BOARD RELIEF SOCIETY

◆

Open Daily—9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Telephone Wasatch 3286
29 Bishop's Building
Salt Lake City, Utah

A Vital, Dynamic---

AND INTEREST-PROVOKING BOOK—READY FOR APRIL CONFERENCE

J. GOLDEN KIMBALL

HIS LIFE EXPERIENCES, JOKES, STORIES, SERMONS
BY CLAUDE RICHARDS

Humor — Tragedy — Pathos — Seriousness
A book for the enjoyment of the entire family.

Send in your order now—The book will be mailed as soon as ready.

Price $2.50 plus 5 cent sales tax in Utah.

Deseret Book Company

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Telephone your Telegrams to **Postal Telegraph**

Charges will appear on your regular telephone bill.

YOUR telephone is a Postal Telegraph station. From it you can send a Postal Telegram to anyone anywhere in the United States and Canada. Postal Telegraph speed, accuracy and dependability are at your fingertips.

Postal Telegraph

Supplementary Services

Air Express Pick-up and Delivery
Air Travel Reservations
Bus Express Pick-up and Delivery
Bus Travel Reservations
Circular and Sample Distribution
Errands and Package Delivery
Gift and Purchase Service
Marine Reports
Money Order Service
Personal Service Bureau
Theatre Ticket Service
Commercial News Reports

Telegrams Direct from the Highways via Esso and Standard Oil Gas Stations

● *Postal Telegraph is the only American telegraph company that offers a world-wide service of coordinated telegraph, cable and radio communication under a single management.*

THE INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM

Postal Telegraph

Commercial Cables *All America Cables* *Mackay Radio*

When Buying Mention Relief Society Magazine

If you are employed– and want to get ahead...

INVESTIGATE THESE EVENING CLASSES IN PRACTICAL BUSINESS

In your spare time, without losing a minute from your regular job, you can qualify for promotion and better pay.

You will find in our Evening School 10 practical business subjects from which to choose.

Decide on the next step in your personal advancement, and let us recommend subjects to help you achieve your goal.

Subjects prepare for Secretarial, Accounting, Civil Service and executive positions in business.

You Will Enjoy Evening School

Your companions in Evening School will be other ambitious people like yourself whose association will prove stimulating. With each evening of study, you will see your ability increase.

Visit our classes, or phone or write us for folder giving list of courses, time required and tuition cost. No obligation.

L. D. S. BUSINESS COLLEGE

70 NO. MAIN WASATCH 1812

Your name and address in the space below will bring complete details.

Your Name .....

Address .....

When Buying Mention Relief Society Magazine

Easter

By Elsie E. Barrett

Easter voices the cry—"There is no death,"
Busy Nature proclaims it in rhythmic breath
And marvelous displays,
In renewal of life after winter's lament,
Bringing summer more charm for the season thus spent
In preparation days.
Every flower and tree in the valley's broad sweep
Softly whispers with smiles "All will waken who sleep."

Joseph A. F. Everett

WHEN LILLIES BLOOM

The
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XXI APRIL, 1934 No. 4

The Eternal Bridge

By Nephi Jensen

THE study of the visible world may be said to start with a determination to use one's eyes. At the very beginning there is something which may be described as an act of faith—a belief that what our eyes have to show us is significant." This quotation is not from a sermon. It is not the statement of a dogmatic theologian. It is the conclusion of a world famous scientist.

Arthur Stanley Eddington, the internationally known physicist makes faith the initial incentive in all seeking for fact or truth. The student in the laboratory follows the given formula, not because he knows it is correct but because he believes it is true. If he knew that the formula would produce the desired result there would be no need of experimenting. The student who uses a certain method in solving a problem is impelled by his faith in the correctness of the method. He would gain no knowledge by solving the problem after demonstrating the accuracy of the method.

The Botanist looks into the heart of the flower not to see what he knows is there, but to see what he confidently surmises is there. The Astronomer turns his telescope into the depths of space not to find what he has already found, but to find what he confidently believes he will find. We not only "walk by faith", but actually learn by faith.

Doctor Benjamin Moore, an outstanding Bio-Chemist states the same truth in other words. In his "Origin of Life" he says, "It is by the imagination that science is led on from discovery to discovery." This is a most significant explanation of scientific advancement. And it is profoundly true.

Every advance in science is made by stepping from the known to the unknown. This step cannot be taken by the aid of absolute knowledge alone, for knowledge has not yet crossed the chasm. Nor can ordinary reason bridge the gulf. Reason only takes us to the outer edge of what is known. If we go beyond the outskirts of what we know, we must be led by a faculty that outstrips knowledge and reason. What is the faculty that ventures into the unexplored realm? It is the faculty that quickly infers the unknown from what is known without understanding the relationship between the two. Or in other words, it is the power to get a definite mental image of what has not yet been seen that guides to the unseen.

But it is not enough to merely imagine or surmise the existence of

the unknown. Unless the inference of the existence, of what has not yet come within the range of our knowledge awakens within us the belief that we can, by investigation or experimentation actually come to know what we imagine is a fact, we shall not be "led on from discovery to discovery". Imagination gives us the first glimpse of the unknown; but it is bold venturing faith that carries us across the chasm to new facts and new truths.

This power to get an inference or intimation of the unknown by a sort of quick intuition is the secret of all discovery. This sort of intuition is the lamp of faith that sheds its rays far beyond the frontiers of what has been discovered; and leads the way to new discoveries.

THE marvelous discoveries of M. Pasteur in the field of bacteriology furnish a striking illustration of how an inference of unknown truth intensified by an abiding conviction, urges the scientist onward in his ceaseless experimentations.

In 1859 there was a great agitation among scientists on the question of life. Most of the scholars of the time accepted the theory that life came into existence spontaneously from inorganic matter. Philosophers, poets and naturalists assented to this conclusion. Pasteur did not agree with them. He conceived that the discovery of the secret of fermentation would throw light on the subject. He surmised that fermentation was caused by the contact of living organisms with unliving substance. To start with, it was only a surmise. But back of that surmise was an intense conviction that the inference was true. That faith spurred him on irresistibly in his painstaking experiments. Learned associates tried to dissuade him. M. Biot told him that he would never find the secret. But in spite of discouragement, and notwithstanding the illusiveness of the secret, he plodded on through the years. His faith triumphed gloriously. He verified his first intimation. He also discovered that putrefaction is caused by living organisms coming into contact with fleshy and other substances. Out of these simple discoveries came the whole splendid modern theory of the cause of disease. And the man whose faith and industry blazed the way from gross ignorance to enlightenment in the field of medicine, has come to be called the "most perfect man that has ever entered the kingdom of science."

While Pasteur was ardently experimenting with tartaric acids in the hope of producing recemic acid, he wrote, "There is an abyss to cross." There is an abyss to cross in all scientific research. It is the abyss that separates the known from the unknown. It cannot be crossed by mere half-hearted, aimless experimentation. The abyss is often so wide that years of industry are necessary to cross it. Only faith's foresight can give the courage necessary to accomplish the tremendous task.

IN the field of invention it is the same quick intuitive inference of the unknown, quickened into action by faith, that carries the inventor onward in his discoveries. In 1826 there were hundreds of men who knew that a current of electricity would instantly pass from one end of a piece of wire to the other. Knowledge of this simple fact, however, did not lead them to conclude that both ends of the wire at long distances apart might be made to record simultaneously the same characters or figures; and thereby become a means of instantaneous communi-

cation. They could not cross the chasm between what was known about electricity and the unknown fact of telegraphy. Why? Simply because they did not have the lamp of faith. But there was one man who had faith's marvelous intuition. His name is Samuel F. B. Morse. He quickly inferred from the known fact that electrical energy would make a piece of wire behave the same way at both ends at the same time; that it would be possible to make the two ends of the wire at long distances apart record the same ideas. He not only caught this inference, but with it came the confident belief that the inference was true. This faith impelled him to make innumerable experiments until in 1835 electrical telegraphy became an established fact.

THE light of faith has been the torch of progress in the realm of geographical discovery. In 1492, there were many book geographers who accepted the fact of the rotundity of the earth. But these cloistered students of the earth's form and size did not dare venture out on the trackless ocean. They were without the faith that boldly strikes out into the realm of the unseen and unknown. They could only reason about the significance of the known geographical facts. And timid reason always hugs close to the shore; it dare not set out upon the vast undiscovered ocean.

But at that time there was one most remarkable mariner. His name was Christopher Columbus. He was no more certain than the cloistered geographers that the earth is round. But he had something they did not have. He had something akin to vision. He had faith. By this faith his mind boldly leaped from the idea, of the earth's rotundity to the conclusion that he could sail westward and reach the east coast of India. This was a most daring conception. It outstripped all that the geographers had ever dreamed of. This simple mariner was able to outreach all that these book students had conceived, because he was inspired and sustained by an all-seeing and all-comprehending faith. By this sublime faith he ventured out into the trackless and specter-invested ocean. By faith he was nerved with courage to sail on, even when his crew mutinied and insisted upon returning. By this faith a new world was given to the old.

"Oh! world, thou choosest not the better part,
It is not wisdom to be only wise,
And on the inward vision close the eyes;
But it is wisdom to believe the heart.
Columbus found a world and had no chart
Save one that Faith deciphered in the skies;
To trust the soul's invincible surmise
Was all his science and his only art.
Our knowledge is a torch of smoky pine
That lights the pathway but one step ahead
Across the void of mystery and dread.
Bid then the tender light of Faith to shine
By which alone the mortal heart is led
Into the thinking of the thought Divine."

IN the realm of the spiritual faith is preeminently the key that unlocks the door to the vast unknown. Between the finite and the infinite

there is limitless space. Who can cross this vast unexplored domain? The scientist cannot look across with his powerful telescope. One astronomer tried, and ended by saying; "I have swept the heavens and have not found God." The philosopher with his profound thoughts about the ultimate reality has not been able by reason to find God. Herbert Spencer tried, and ended his profound and exhaustive studies with the sad confession "God is unknowable." This is a pathetic acknowledgment of the futile search for the Maker of all, by one who failed to follow his own formula or the ascertainment of truth. In his "First Principles" Spencer says, "We only know things through phenomena." Translated into simpler terms, this great basic rule, governing the acquisition of knowledge might be made to read, "We only know things by the way they act, or by what they manifest." In his quest of knowledge of nature, Spencer followed this simple guide. He went direct to nature to see what nature manifests or reveals. But he never went direct to God, by faith, to see what God reveals to those who seek him.

ONE greater than Herbert Spencer, by simple faith bridged the gulf between man and God. In 1820, Joseph Smith, then a lad fourteen years of age became deeply concerned about the salvation of his soul. Revival meetings in which excited appeals to the emotions were made, accentuated his anxiety. The divided and distracted condition of Christianity, the fierce conflict of religious opinion, and clashing of creeds, added to the perplexity of his youthful mind. The din of disagreeing and clamoring priests, moved the boy to ask, "Which of all the churches is right?" This is a most profound question for a boy of fourteen. While this puzzling question distressed his earnest soul, he took to reading the scriptures. One day he opened the Bible at the first chapter of James' Letter. His eyes fell upon the faith-stimulating text, "If any of you lack wisdom let him ask of God that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not." The words of this simple promise went home to the heart of that boy as the very words of the God of all wisdom. He believed God had actually made the promise; and that He would make it good.

Impelled by this simple abiding faith, he went into the woods near his father's home and there bowed his head and lifted his troubled heart in pleading to God. As he heroically prayed there appeared above him a beautiful pillar of light transcending in brilliancy the light of the noon day sun. Encircled with this glorious light stood two purified, glorified, immortalized beings in express and majestic human form. One of them pointed to the other and said, "This is my beloved son, hear him."

That day that boy saw the glorified form of the Omnipotent One, and heard the voice that spoke in the morning of time when quivering matter was organized to make a beautiful world

He is the greatest discoverer of modern times. He discovered for modern man the only key to the knowledge of God. He found that deepest and purest joy, of actual contact and fellowship with the Father of all, of which Emerson sang so beautifully.

"O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
And I mock at the pride of Greece and Rome;

And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools, and the learned clan:
For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet."

THE spot on which that boy prayed is a sacred shrine. It is the cradle of modern faith. Within that sylvan temple on that hallowed day, that boy discovered the lost key to the knowledge of God. The hope-giving story of his triumphant quest of certainty concerning the Most High has awakened in the hearts of tens of thousands of men and women the undaunted faith that actually seeks and finds; and asks and receives. The glowing light of this living faith has sent afar its rays in an age of doubt, and skepticism, and turned uncertainty to assurance and despair into hope. This faith-stimulating power has done more to increase the spiritual riches of our modern age, than thousands of volumes of speculations about God and His economy.

IN every field of scientific research there is the constant barrier of the unknown to surmount. All scientific progress is made by surmounting this enduring barrier. In the world of invention it is the same. The inventor makes his inventions by boldly venturing across the frontiers of the unknown. The discoverer sails upon unchartered seas, and travels over trackless wastes to give mankind a more extended knowledge of the world. In the spiritual realm, poets, philosophers and prophets have struggled, through the ages, for intimate knowledge of the unseen God. In all of these centuries of ceaseless research, endless inventions, startling discoveries, and eager quests of God, the torch of faith has led the way. It has lighted the path over the barriers of science; it has awakened the confidence that has guided the inventor in his painstaking experiments; it has kindled the ardor of the discoverer and sent him to the unseen corners of the world, and it has fired the prophets with the deathless zeal to reach out with undoubted assurance for intimate, conscious, loving fellowship with Him who is invisible.

Companionship

By Linda S. Fletcher

I thought how lonely God must be
Remote amid Eternity,
Where on the shining, top-most throne,
In grandeur dwelt He all alone.
I felt His loving heart must yearn
For Someone to whom He might turn,
When, e'en amid the stars He grieved
With pain which could not be relieved.

And then, my dear one, I met you—
I gazed into your eyes and knew
That I could lonely never be
With one like you to dwell with me.
Then knew I God dwelt not alone
On the white marble of His throne—
That solace is not Him denied,
For His Beloved is at His side!

Many a Milestone is Marked With a Cross

By Caroline Eyring Miner

DID you ever contemplate the total aggregate of troubles in the world? Think of the numberless victims of flood, fire, earthquake, the toll of the stark visitor death, the countless unfortunates in our reform and penal institutions, the great army of the handicapped, the deaf, the blind, the lame. And now against this mountain of trouble place your own particular little trouble and rejoice in the mercy of God to you.

In one of our gayest summer resorts, seemingly sheltered with the umbrella of splendor and glamorousness from the rains of trouble and disaster, I chanced to spend several vacation seasons.

There were eight of us girls at the resort who "chummed together." We laughed and danced and sang in the artificial hilarious way that was expected of us and no one would have guessed that each girl guarded within her heart underneath her butterfly wings one of the world's troubles.

It is unusual the way in which these little trouble bugs that Pandora set free in the world have rested their wings and made their homes. They have not concentrated in any particular spot but have nested at random throughout the world.

On one particular evening after our work and entertaining was over, we eight girl chums, as usual, gathered together in one of the dormitory rooms for a little light chatter. And many times after the cocktail of light talk was over, the main course was served and we chatted in a more serious vein. This night in question our main talk turned at last to what we called our "secret sorrows" and strange to say there was not a single one of the eight girls who did not bare her heart and produce a family skeleton. One girl had a brother who was born an invalid, one girl had been told by a physician that she could never be a mother, one had a sister who had been born deaf, one an aged father who was blind, one had no parents, one a family hereditary tendency to insanity, and another a brother who was in the Federal prison.

After the talk was over and we had all wept, we felt united in the common burden of the cross. Nature, or God, or whatever we wish to name the distributor of crosses on humanity is no respecter of persons and we who feel over-burdened and are harboring within our bosoms the venomous serpent, self-pity, need only to look about us to see our neighbors one and all laboring and straining under the load of even heavier burdens. And not a few "but many a milestone is marked with a cross."

Anne Brent, Helpmate

By Elsie Chamberlain Carroll

V

TO Anne it wasn't clear from what the children said nor from Peter's telegram just who the men were who were coming home with him. When he had left home nearly a month before, Peter had intended to complete the business arrangements of a merger of a number of general merchandise stores in the western part of the state which plan was supposed to work out to the marked advantage of each store. It was a scheme he had been interested in for years. The telegram, however, was from Draton in the northern part of the state. Peter had vaguely hinted in his last letter that if the merger went over as he was sure it was going to this time, he had another business idea which was even better.

Anne used to become discouraged over these numerous schemes Peter was always trying out with so few successes. She had thought many times that if he could settle down to making the most of the business his father had left him they would be much farther ahead than with all his efforts at bigger things which frequently cost them dearly. But she had learned that Peter couldn't be happy unless he was planning something new, something he thought would benefit not only himself but others, so she had tried to cease worrying about it. The store, managed by Jim Harker, with one or the other of the children to help, gave them a fair living, with her careful management.

There was no time, she told herself as she busied herself with the job of bringing order out of the chaos she found the home in, to speculate as to what Peter's new venture might be.

"Whatever made you start a wholesale house-cleaning at a time like this?" she asked Gloria.

"That's what I tried to find out," Quint volunteered. "She got Jim to let both of us off from the store and then went at it tearing everything up-side-down. It's been bad enough finding enough to eat around here since you left without the house all tore up."

Gloria was looking at her mother in surprise and her answer to Anne's question was a startling revelation.

"Why, Mother, ever since I can remember whenever we've known important company was coming, you've cleaned the house—no matter if we've just got through cleaning the week before. I can remember once Suzanne said—It was the time the Tomilsons were coming from California—that it seemed funny how you always thought the house looked so terrible if anybody was coming—as if the family wasn't as good as company. I knew you'd clean if you were here, so I thought we had to. Of course we didn't count on old Cherry getting that potato in her throat yesterday just after Quint got started on the calsomining and taking his whole evening. Nor we didn't know the twins were going to try their pet trick of hiding and making us think they were drowned or something and having us hunt them for hours. It has been awful.

"I thought a little while ago I'd have to have Quint stand out by the road and hail Dad before he got home and tell him to take the com-

pany to the hotel. I've decided that if I ever get married, I'm *never* going to clean house."

Anne smiled at the way her own weakness was catching up with her. She believed she had learned a lesson. It had never occurred to her that she really *did* have an obsession for cleaning whenever she was going to have company. And to make the children feel that things must be better for strangers than for themselves, well, she hadn't thought of that either.

"Well, we'll soon have things in order. It looks a lot worse at this stage than it really is," she said cheerfully: "Quint, you run over and see if Lon Avery won't come and finish the calsomining. He can do it so much more quickly than you can, and we will soon have to be getting some parts of the dinner going. Run on around by Lannings and get a quart of ice-cream. You children can stop and have a little lunch, then you'll both feel more like working." She sent Gloria to do the work upstairs and she herself set about to bring order out of chaos.

By five o'clock the house began to assume a natural appearance and Anne could talk to the children without breaking off to give directions concerning the work.

"Have Morris or Phyllis been over?" she asked as she rolled pie crusts while Quint was peeling potatoes and Gloria was setting the table. She couldn't help wondering how her advice to Phyllis was working out.

"Morris was here yesterday," Gloria told her. He was surprised about you being gone, and he acted awful nervous or something. He kept walking around and snapping his fingers and asking if we didn't know when you'd be back. He said Phyllis and Junior were in Castle Junction with her Aunt."

"Is there any other news?" Anne asked.

"Have you told her how many letters you've had from Hal Gillmore?" asked Quint.

"Who is Hal Gillmore?" asked Anne wondering if he might be another traveling salesman to worry over.

"You remember Ethel Gillmore who came home with Suzanne last Christmas. He is Ethel's brother. They stopped on their way to the Grand Canyon. Ethel thought maybe Suzanne was home. We were just having lunch so we invited them to stay and—"

"That was about the only decent lunch we had while you were gone," Quint complained, "and of course I had to say I didn't care for about everything there was on the table so there'd be enough for that pretty Gillmore boy. Gloria'd kick me under the table every time anything was passed to me."

"Well you know how he eats if there isn't much of anything," defended Gloria.

"Well, after lunch they invited us to go to a show. It was Sunday afternoon and we weren't working."

"And Glory shook her head at me so I'd say I didn't want to go," put in Quint.

"Hal asked if he could write, and I told him if he wanted to so—"

"She comes home twice every day to see if there's a letter."

"I do not," Gloria protested. "But Quint isn't telling the news about some of his pals, I notice."

Anne looked at the boy, but a grim look had come into his eyes and he didn't say anything. "They were pretending to help Judge Thomas guard old Lady Doak's place from grape and melon thieves. While they were doing that they stole one of her calves and sold it and now they're going to send them to jail."

"I'm sorry," Anne said, "Which of the boys was it?" She must be very careful, she realized, not to lose the ground she had gained towards Quint's confidence. He still was silent, but Gloria said,

"Well, they don't know who all was mixed in it, but they've got Tad Lawler and Bing Houseman and they're trying to make them tell which others were in on it. The Judge had a whole bunch of the wildest kids in town, they say, taking turns guarding. He thought he was reforming them, and that's the way it worked out. So far, Tad and Bing haven't told on the others, but I guess they'll make them tell."

"Make tattle-tales out of them," said Quint, red-faced and with a touch of bitterness. Anne tried to quell the old torturing question that sprang to her mind, "Could Quint be one of the boys?"

What a terrible thing it is, she mused, to have confidence in a loved one broken. Once shattered, trust is hard to be rebuilt.

WHEN Quint called from the front porch a little after six that Daddy and the men were coming, Anne was ready for them. She was still wondering what the coming of this delegation might mean. She hoped it wasn't an enterprise that would involve money. Already she was going to have difficulty making up for Phyllis' music lessons and her trip to Boston before the end of the year.

She wished she could feel more enthusiasm about Peter's ventures. Once her own wise mother had told her that it wasn't her business to try to make Peter over, but to help him to make the most of himself as he was. "Most wives," the old lady had said, "forget that they are *helpmates*. That means helping their mates, first by doing their own jobs well, and next by helping their mates to do theirs."

Anne had thought a great deal about that little sermon. She had set up for herself certain definite standards which she thought would help her to be a real helpmate to Peter.

When he came in with his guests and had introduced them to Anne, he said casually, "These men have come to look over a new real estate proposition I have in mind." Anne's outward response gave no indication of the misgiving she felt. With two new schemes in hand at the same time, she wondered how far Peter might be carried into the realm of the impracticable—the impossible.

During the dinner, although one or two of the men made an effort to keep the conversation general enough that Anne might be included, most of the time was spent discussing the proposed new real estate venture. She could not, however, obtain a clear enough idea to justify a judgment on its merits.

When they were through eating, Peter said,

"I'll have to take these gentlemen out to look over the situation before their train leaves. I thought you might bring Suzanne home. Our daughter," he explained to his guests, "is studying art in Boston and really making quite a name for herself. The Missus has just been out to see her."

Anne was thankful she did not have to break the tragic news she had feared.

IT was nearly dark before Peter returned. Anne was sitting on the east porch with a basket of darning she had been working at. As he came up the walk she thought how handsome he was growing in his middle years. His form had lost

the lankiness of youth and the greying hair at his temples, and his short mustache gave him a look of distinction. He looked like a man to do big things. Anne felt ashamed at the way she had always doubted his ability. Perhaps he had felt her half-hearted support. Perhaps if she had been a hundred percent helpmate he might have succeeded sometimes when he had failed.

"I'm sorry, Mother, that I couldn't talk this plan over with you before taking definite action with these men, but I had to work at it while I had a chance to see them. Really Anne this is a wonderful proposition. At last it looks as though I'll be able to do some of the things for you I've always wanted to do. If this goes over as it should, you won't have to work like a slave, nor worry over every cent you spend. We can do things for the children—big things that will help them to be somebody without the grind we've always had."

Anne watched Peter as he went on with the details of the new scheme, and thought how magnificent he was when under the spell of these great enthusiasms.

She wished she could keep from wondering if this new scheme was dependent upon the yet untried merger, and if there were any mortgages on the home or the store involved. Peter knew how she felt about mortgaging the property that gave them their living. Surely he would not take a chance on losing their home or the store. And yet the talk at the table had seemed to imply an outlay of capital.

Finallly Peter said,

"I had to put a mortgage on the house and the store—just for a few months. You won't mind that will you? In less than six months it can all be cleared and we can be doing the things we've always wanted to do. You don't mind do you?"

Anne felt tears in her eyes burning to be shed. But she forced them back and put her arms around Peter's neck.

"I love you, Peter," was all she said.

(*To be continued*)

The Prodigal Son's Mother Speaks

By M. Bell

O! son, my son! didst thou come home again?
Be glad dear heart, 'twas not in vain.
Thy mother's eyes no longer run
In tears for thee, O son, my son!
Let's celebrate and make amends.
Rejoice, rejoice, call all thy friends,
Delicious things of earth we'll bring.
He that was lost returned—let's sing!

And you, my firstborn faithful lad
Woulds't make thy mother's spirit sad?
O! jealousy depart, depart—
For all we have, we ever owned
Is yours forever, yours alone.
My son! thou art the pure in heart.

Life

Awarded First Honorable Mention in the Eliza Roxy Snow Poetry Contest

By Blanche Robbins

If this be Life 'tis less I ask; not more;
Not more of all that crowds and stifles me;
Not more of all that thinks and feels
And almost lives my life for me;
Not more of this. I would that I
Could lift my hands and push it all away
And clear a space to pause and feel and live.

I smile and nod; you nod and smile;
We meet each other on our way;
We shop; We call on friends; We talk of clothes;
We dress in style; We comb our hair a certain way;
There's dinner here; a luncheon there;
A dollar to some charity;
"O, yes, we have our work to do
But soon are through."
We buy and sell; go here and there
See this and that;
We laugh and chat; are most correct
And settle all the problems of the world
With our small talk.
And all the days are filled with countless, nameless tasks
That never fill a need or win a race
Or mean a battle won.
'Tis not enough!
And through it all I go my untouched way
And Life is passing on.

No more than this! 'Tis true
This surface brightly shines to those
Whose hearts are there
Or those who envyingly look on.
But underneath are tears and sighs and heartaches
And souls who need the kindly touch of someone caring;
The warmth of home; the cheer of friendship true.
Gray heads who need
The forceful hand of dauntless youth;
Young hearts, who need
The steadying hand of mellowed age;
Dimpled babes, who need
A loving mother's watchful care;
Empty mother-arms that fain would hear
The faltering voice of childhood's prayer.

And all the days are filled with countless tasks
That fill a need or win a race
Or mean a battle won.

'Tis true, my skirts were softly lifted, Life
As you were passing by—
But now, I hold you gently, Life
And draw you nigh.

"Gold is Where You Find it"

By Elizabeth Cannon Porter

PEOPLE in California are going to the hills to pan gold. Out of work many of them can find enough of the precious metal to buy their food and barest necessities. They take with them their blankets, canned goods, —possibly a cook-stove that burns wood,—sometimes a tent. Only their utensils are conveyed to these modern gold fields via a flivver rather than on the backs of burros as in the days of forty-nine.

Unemployment and the present high price of gold is causing some of the old fields to be re-scratched. Mint canyon which lies between Los Angeles and Palmdale is a favored locality. Rumor has it that the first gold recorded in the "land of bright colors" was found here. An Indian, herding cattle for the Padres at the San Fernando Mission, dug up a wild onion root with his knife. With it he unearthed several good sized gold nuggets. But it wasn't till white men, some of them members of the Mormon Battalion, saw it gleaming in the water at Sutter's Mill, that it became generally known.

Small placer mines are scattered in the brown sand on the hills of the California side near Yuma, Arizona. These have been worked at a small profit for years. Miners are confronted with the dilemma of carrying their ore down to the Colorado river to be washed, or getting the water up to the higher workings.

Another prospective field is the desert beyond Barstow. Death Valley, despite its intriguing reputation, has never produced rich mines. Death Valley Scotty recently invited the members of the fashionable Los Angeles Breakfast Club to hitch their horses at the posts of his million dollar castle. Some say that the money that built this picturesque domicile on the desert was put up by Scotty's Chicago partner, a Mr. Johnson. But it was a western myth that the spectacular host had a secret mine from which he drew vast wealth for his forays into civilization when he chartered special trains and threw gold coins to the people on Spring street. Certain it is, though Scotty has been shadowed and nearly murdered the source of his wealth is still undisclosed.

There is still gold in the hills, though California has produced more gold than any other place in the world. In 1848 five million was taken out of the soil. By 1863 production had jumped to sixty-five million. Subsequently it reached the staggering sum of one billion, twenty-nine million.

Midas-like stories of those frontier days outstrip the Arabian Nights. A widow, in 1850, bought a horse at Marysvale and went to Downeyville to open a boarding house. She put up a tent. While sweeping it out with an improvised broom of pine needles she unearthed a gold nugget which assayed at $35. This spurred her on to digging and she acquired $32,000, in four days. A man, armed with a knife, cut three and a half pounds of solid gold out of a hollow as big as a wash basin. Another man hired five Indians,

and took out $80,000 from a wondrously rich ledge. A lone sailor got $1,500 in two weeks. An early-day funeral offered a unique experience. An out-of-town minister had been imported to officiate. As the coffin was about to be lowered into the ground one of the mourners espied a good-sized gold nugget. The pall bearers and other spectators immediately began to spread out and lay off 25 foot claims. Only the minister continued with the services.

One industrious miner became ill. On leaving to hunt a doctor he carefully buried his cache. He located the place by figuring that the shadows of two pine trees would cross there in twenty-eight days. He was delayed with illness and convalescence for several months at Sacramento. Imagine his consternation on his return to find that a sawmill had been built there and all of the trees of the vicinity cut down!

NORTH SAN JUAN is credited with producing from five to six hundred million dollars. All of the ground around Downeyville has been worked. Only under the Court House, built in 1854, was virgin soil. An official heard a tapping noise under the floor. A miner had tunneled 200 feet, camouflaging his work, to reach the rich ground under the structure. A pair of gold scales still preserved in northern California has weighed out 55 million in dust and nuggets.

The Empire Star, world's deepest mine which measures 3,500 feet in a vertical line, has produced for seventy years.

Primitive mining was done by means of sluice boxes, tunnels, windlass and panning. As the ore got scarcer hydraulic mining came into use. Great streams of water, under terrific pressure was turned on the cliffs. This caused silt to fill up the Sacramento river, and was deposited in San Francisco Bay. It interfered with navigation and covered up orchards and roused spirited opposition from agricultural California.

Justice then was promptly administered, a criminal often being tried and executed the same day. In the cruel frontier where the loss of horse or food frequently spelt death, robbery as well as murder was punishable by hanging.

The gambler was often a cold-blooded individual, not of the heroic type depicted by Bret Harte. At one joint twenty dollar gold pieces kept getting lost. One of the spectators was a German with a long beard which he wore tucked inside his collar. One of the men suddenly grabbed it and yanked it out. Several gold pieces fell to the floor. The gentleman, like the Outcasts of Poker Flat, was given three hours to leave town. At Aurora was a young man who was a failure at everything he tried. Samuel Clemens was offered a job as reporter on a paper at Virginia City. He walked 120 miles and subsequently blossomed out as Mark Twain!

FANTASTIC prices prevailed. On news of a strike a burro might sell for $500. Lacking that two miners would carry their grub-stake on a pole suspended from their shoulders. A pound of flour sold for $1.50. Delivery of a letter cost a dollar. Two barrels of whiskey dispensed in two days brought $7,000. Gold hunters traveled from Utah by ox team. They came up the coast by boat, but arrived in California, wheelbarrows

and pushcarts were requisitioned to get to the gold fields.

GHOST cities are the ruins of worked out mining claims. Their erstwhile inhabitants have departed with the bullion. Rhyolite is an example of these with its buildings falling into decay,—the haunt of the coyote and the jackrabbit. Even the railroad deserted it and the steel rails were pulled up and shipped to Russia during the war. The empty, handsome station house still stands. Here is the famous house built of bottles many of them colored lovely lilac with the desert sun.

Another form of monument to the gold seekers are a group of crosses erected in Sonora, over the line, in Mexico. A party from Arizona suffered terribly from the heat in crossing the bone-strewn El Camino Diablo (Road of the Devil). At Atlas Springs forty-five emigrants perished and were interred there in '49.

A party of bandits who held up stage coaches for a living hid out in the hills for two years. While there they discovered a rich silver vein. They sold it to Senator Stewart of Nevada. Afterwards they hung thriftily around to lift the silver after he had mined it. He outwitted them by having the white metal smelted into 600 pound cannon balls (instead of the usual bars), which he shipped by freight.

The Bull Frog mine, so called because of its green speckled appearance, was discovered by Shorty Harris, dean of the old prospectors. Some of these ancient wanderers have found and lost several fortunes. Some still follow the elusive trail of fortune. They are often grub-staked by more prosperous copatriots who share in any find that they may make. These men travel with their pack mules from water-hole to water-hole. They are fast disappearing. Some only find the gold of the setting sun!

ERASTUS AND ANNIS POTTER CHRISTENSEN AND THEIR 7 SONS AND 6 DAUGHTERS.

Shadows

Awarded Second Honorable Mention in the Eliza Roxey Snow Poetry Contest

By Vesta P. Crawford

I love the time when shadows slant
  Across the valley's waiting breast
And drape the world in loveliness
  When night comes down to rest.

Though eyes of mine can never see
  The places where the darkness goes,
The heart of earth is rifted wide
  And the dusk-dimmed valley knows.

I hope to wear my shadows well,
  With dignity and quiet power
For so the valley robes herself
  In the evening's sentient hour.

Silver

Awarded Third Honorable Mention in the Eliza Roxey Snow Poetry Contest

By Mabel Spande Harmer

You thought I envied you
  Because I stood aside to let you pass
On to the walk that led
  Through frosted shrubs up to the lighted house.

A servant drove your car.
  Your gathered folds of velvet and rich fur
Close to your jeweled throat,
  To keep away the chill of winter air.

You wore a rare perfume.
  Upon your feet there gleamed two silver shoes,
Gleamed in the starry night,
  But then—your hair was **silver** too!

While I on love's young arm
  With zest of youth tripped gaily on my way
Over a myriad jewels
  Left by the mad caprice of winter day.

My home was very small
  Beside the mansion which your footsteps drew,
But in it slept a babe—
  Ah no—you erred—I didn't envy you.

Your Home Beautiful

By Mabel Margaret Luke

THE PRINCIPLES APPLIED—CONCLUSION

DURING the past year we have considered the different phases of interior decoration and studied the fundamental laws on which they are based. In concluding this series it might be well to go over again some of these laws in their practical application, and to summarize other points in connection with this subject.

There is in every normal woman a desire to make her home attractive, inviting and homelike. Without a knowledge and strict adherence to the underlying principles that govern house decoration it is only by a miracle that we will achieve a satisfactory result. Therefore, it is not so much a question of doing as of knowing how to proceed—that is the important thing if we want to attain distinction and lasting beauty in our homes.

The basis of all good decoration is **plan,** well-selected and adhered to. An unsatisfactory result is usually so because the decorator lacked any real idea of precisely what the finished result was to be, and so it was assembled in a haphazard manner. A definitely planned interior may gain distinction and charm at even a small cost. By being able to visualize the finished room; by knowing just what sort of furnishings, colors, etc., will contribute the right note in the chosen scheme, a charming interior will develop eventually from the humblest beginning. Even though one is forced by circumstances to stretch the home furnishing and decoration budget over a period of years, if one abides by a plan a home can be harmonious. On the other hand, if one buys a couch this year, a dining set next year, drapes, a lamp, chair or table later on, and has no well-fixed conception of the type of room or home it will finally be one is very likely to accumulate a number of articles, perhaps each one beautiful in itself, but not in harmony with each other nor with the rooms in which they are used.

By planning, and adhering to that plan one may spread the joy of furnishing over many happy years, for homes that grow are best. One might even say that to furnish in haste is to repent at leisure. To feel the need for a certain article, to long for it, wish for it, and then to finally secure it gives one a joy of possession that would not be possible in a hurriedly acquired houseful of furnishings.

If one furnishes a piece at a time then it stands to reason that one cannot follow "fads" in home decorating. Anything that is not artistically correct, yet the mode usually has one certain quality, and that is impermanence. Fashions of today are usually passe tomorrow. "Crazes are fostered by manufacturers and dealers for trade purposes. Art is a matter of sanity and equilibrium and worthy interior decoration recognizes no such thing as a fad." Decoration is both an art and a science and is founded on the best

work and thoughts of centuries of art and craftsmanship, and real art never goes out of style.

A final point in favor of decorating a little at a time is that one is then able to pay as he goes and is not forced to mortgage his future by buying on time. But let me repeat—before adding anything to your home be sure of its appropriate fitness to the whole scheme.

It is a good idea to make a model of your room. Take the dimensions, scale them down to one inch or one-half inch to a foot. Cut out of cardboard, first the floor, then the wall surfaces with projections (doors, windows, fireplace, etc.), always keeping the dimensions of each in proportion to the whole. Fasten the corners together with gummed tape. With this model you can experiment all you want. Try out color schemes, make small models of furniture (to scale) and try arranging them in different ways. In this way you can see your scheme in miniature before beginning work.

To summarize briefly some of points given in previous lessons the following **dozen don'ts** are given:

1. DON'T forget that the fixed background is the point from which to begin your decoration. Make that right first.

2. DON'T try to make your walls both decoration and background. Decide which, then never waver from this decision.

3. DON'T put large articles in small roms, nor have large patterns on the wallpaper, rugs or draperies used in small rooms.

4. DON'T place furniture or rugs diagonally in a room.

5. DON'T have too much pattern in a room. Never should the wall covering and drapes both have pattern.

6. DON'T use great spaces of bright color. Too much tires the eye and creates confusion.

7. DON'T overcrowd. Plain spaces add dignity and make for restfulness and relaxation.

8. DON'T clutter up your rooms with ornaments, pictures and other "sentimental foolishness."

9. DON'T mix unrelated and inharmonious articles.

10. DON'T group all heavy furniture on one side of room, or all pieces of one pattern and color. Place them in natural, usable but balanced groups.

11. DON'T over-decorate. Moderation, temperance and restraint are the watchwords.

12. DON'T live in a house which depresses you. Change it. Your home is your castle.

WE have a lot of rules, but like the pieces of a jig-saw puzzle they do not make a picture until they are fitted into the right places. To help in the application of these principles, let us consider an ordinary living room:

The dimensions are 15 x 22 feet by 8½ feet high. The exposure is northeast. The architectural features of the room consist of a fireplace on the east wall between two windows. On the north is a bay window. On the south wall near the west corner is an arched opening to the hall. On the west wall, balancing the windows on either side of the fireplace are two built-in arched bookcases. The style of the house is late Tudor English, and therefore we will finish the room in the English style of the late Tudor and Jacobean type.

Because of the lovely outlines

of the furniture, because we want to hang a very lovely painting, and to lend a quiet dignified atmosphere we will decide on background walls-sand-finished plaster, painted deep cream. The woodwork will be painted the same. The floor is natural-finish oak. The exposure demands warm coloring, which is supplied in the cream and oak, as well as in the red tones which we will use for contrast. An analogous scheme will be followed out, with a complimentary, blue-green, for accent. At the windows are hung drapes of crewel embroidery, reds, yellow, orange, a touch of green and black on natural tan ground. They are hung from wooden poles, and hang to the floor. The glass curtains are of cream-colored, heavy square-mesh net. Portiers at the arched opening to the hall are of deep russet-red velour. On the floor is an Oriental rug with a deep russet color predominating. Because of the plain walls we can use pattern more freely elsewhere. The couch is covered in tapestry in tones of red, orange and rust on brown background. One chair is covered in brown upholsterer's satin, another in blocked linen, red, blue, brown and green on tan background. Two side chairs of Jacobean style have seats upholstered in red velet. Two lamp shades are of parchment and are used with wrought iron and pottery bases. Another lamp shade of apricot-color pleated silk is used with a base of pale yellow luster ware. Copper accessories and fixtures, brass candlesticks and books provide interesting notes. The complimentary accents are in a blue cushion on the linen covered chair, a blue-green vase on the table and blue in the oil painting above the mantel, also some blue-green in the wall hanging.

To balance the fireplace, on the west wall we will place an oak chest, over which we will hang a piece of brocatelle in reds, aquarmine blue and gold. On the west side of the bay window we will place a desk, chair and lamp. On the east side an oak radio cabinet, and in front of this an easy chair. At right angles to the fireplace, at one side is the couch behind which we will set a small refectory-style table. Opposite the couch is an easy chair, and a table holding a lamp and books. East of the arch, on the south wall is the piano, bench and lamp. On the mantel (the fireplace opening is lined with dark brown brick) we might place a low clock and at either side brass candlesticks with shields to throw light on the picture. Nasturtiums in the blue vase on the table would complete the room.

In this illustration we have complied with all the rules, but we may remember that some rules may be broken on occasion in the interests of common sense, comfort and convenience. Mix practicalism with idealism. Use common sense. I once heard a lecturer say that the practice of interior decoration was the exercise of common sense in relationship to applied art. This common sense, however, must be acquired by experience and study.

We want our homes to be lovely and correct, but we do want to avoid that stiff "done" or decorated effect, as if one had made chalk marks where each piece of furniture was to stand. You want to have your home liveable, and there are three contributing factors to this result: comfort, convenience and beauty. To get a lived-in look it must be simple. Avoid ornateness and ostenta-

tiousness, remembering that simplicity is the keynote of good art. Have everything placed as it would be when in use. For example, if there is a desk, to make it usable there must be a chair and preferably a light nearby. Books demand a comfortable chair and a good lamp. Do not make it necessary for members of the household to move things about before they can be comfortable. Have them ready to be used always. Your home should beckon people to come in and impel them to linger.

Our aim is to secure an environment that contributes to physical health, to mental and spiritual growth, to artistic happiness—an air of harmony and an atmosphere of charm that will satisfy our finer senses. A happy combination of beauty and comfort should be the goal, that it will be a constant source of pride and satisfaction to those who call it "Home."

Before closing this series I should like to mention again for the sake of emphasis the importance of personality in a home. One of the greatest charms of living is the privilege of expressing our individual tastes in the way that suits us best.

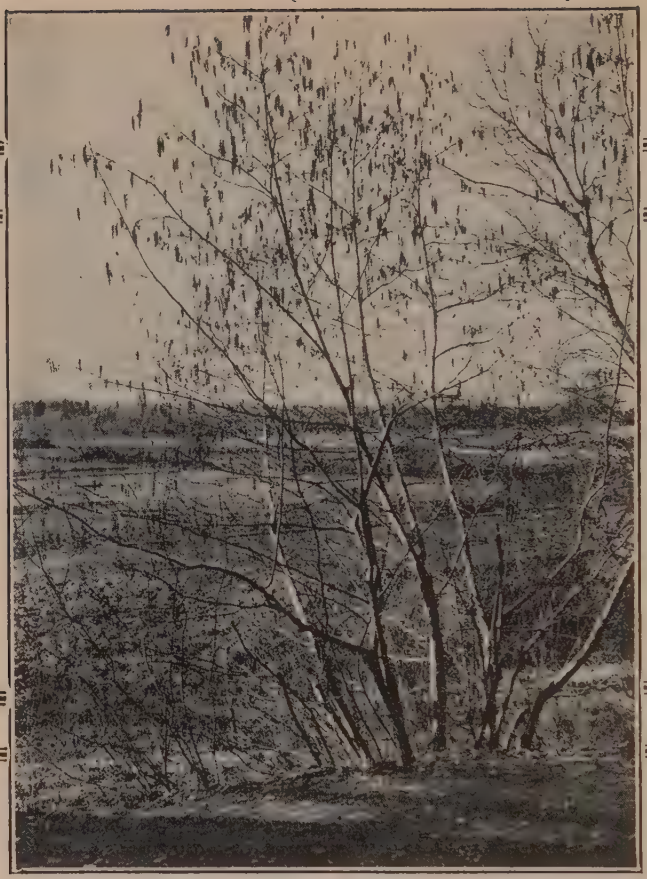
Houses without personality are merely a number of rooms with furniture in them. Everyone who has gone through model homes will recognize this. While perfect and exquisite in detail we feel they lack something, there is an emptiness about them. They lack that personal touch, that homey atmosphere. A homelike quality is an intangible thing and yet the most vital of all the essentials of a good home. "A room has personality when it is so lived in that it appears to belong to one person or family." No two homes should be just alike any more than there are two persons alike. There are certain essentials of balance, proportion, scale, harmony, etc., that all must obey, but infuse in the working out of each a part of yourself.

Perhaps you think your old home is too far behind the times to bother with, but still hate to sell it or cannot afford to build. It is not necessary. Old homes are the loveliest. You can preserve all the priceless associations, the fine traditions of the home you love and still bring into it harmony and beauty by redecorating, rearranging, maybe remodeling, for fortunately home charm does not depend on newness nor on wealth but on the following of sound principles easy to learn and practice.

It is said that "A man may build a house, but only a woman can build a home." It is to us then this happy task is given. Let us make the most of this opportunity. Home is the world's greatest institution and home-making the greatest business a man and woman can undertake, and anything that lends to its success is very important. The beauty and sincerity of a childhood environment has a real and very certain effect on a man or woman.

It has been my privilege and pleasure to bring this message of home beautification to you with the sincere hope that I have contributed something to the advancement of better home building.

Mistakes are expensive in energy, money and time. Build your scheme, slowly if need be, but build well on a solid foundation of right principles and you will find you have achieved "Your Home Beautiful."



With the Rain

By Harrison R. Merrill

Dear Love, when April comes again this spring
And lilac blossoms droop in weeping showers
Where lonely robins flit about and bring
Back memories of dear, lost hours
When our young loves were stirred—awakening—
Twin blossoms sweeter far than perfumed flowers—
Sweet songs far lovlier than birds can sing—
A melody made deep by all our powers—

I'll seek you where the old fence meets the stile
Beneath the catkined alders by the stream
Where in other days I've thrilled at your sweet smile
And in the dusk have seen your dear face gleam.

I'll tremble then at all the old sweet pain—
My pent up tears will mingle with the rain.

We Need a Garden

By Afton Free Baird

TIMES like these we need a garden. I don't entirely mean a practical need, although a neat little vegetable garden might be a splendid help during a time of forced holidays and cut budgets; but there is a human need, also. Did you ever realize that? Of course all garden fans soon learn what a garden can do to strengthen them, not only physically but spiritually as well. Gardens are real soul builders.

It is said that the Japanese people have realized this fact and made better use of this knowledge, than any other race. Most every traveler will agree that the outstanding impression of Japan is "Gardens". There, they consider a garden a natural necessity, and, it is said, they respect them and make daily use of them much as they do their temples. One Japanese, speaking of his flower garden, said this: "I come here daily for a quiet hour. I look into my garden and become one with Nature, as it were; for long ago my garden and I became bosom friends. There is something in its quiet beauty, its simple and natural purity, its fulfilling of a plan and purpose, in its perfect growth, in its tranquility. All the virtues I cannot find elsewhere or in human companionship, my garden gives me. I come here to solve all my problems."

A simple little garden—a few flowering shrubs, a pool, plants covered with colorful bloom, a smooth green lawn—can do these things for you and me.

Gardens can do other wonderful things for us, also. They bring us friends. Many people who otherwise would feel they had not time to visit us so often will come to see our garden, and soon become fast friends. Strange as it may seem, after moving into a new neighborhood, I lived for many months without even knowing the names of my immediate neighbors. Of course, when we happened to meet entering or leaving our homes we greeted each other with a nod, but it was not until spring, when I went out into my garden to see what havoc the late frosts had done, that I looked up to see several smiling faces on the other side of the fence. Within half an hour we were digging and chatting side by side. A few little frost-bitten plants had done what months of courteous greetings could not do.

There is one little woman who comes to the spring in my garden for water. She usually sits down on one of the large rocks and quietly rests for awhile. One day I walked down to speak to her. She looked up and smiled. "I hope you don't mind my sitting here," she said. "When the cares and anxieties of my home and family become almost too much for me, I use the spring-water as an excuse and walk over here. There is something about a natural little garden like this, that has a restful, soothing influence over me."

If these things are true, during these times of hurry and scurry, of anxiety and care, we all need a garden, that tranquility may not be a stranger within our hearts.

"Believest Thou This?"

By Helen Hinckley

READING out loud when one was trying to do something else, or think One's own thoughts, was an annoying habit of Father's In his prosperous days he had read the newspaper in a heavy boisterous voice. "This is funny—well—well—" and then he would launch into an article which every member of the family had previously read. His dark head would nod vigorously in punctuation, and at times he would laugh heartily at something which seemed very dull to the children.

Since Mother's death and the boy's marriages Father had lost his grip on life. His business had drifted away to younger men. He sometimes imagined that the boy's babies were his own and that he had gone back fifty years. Elizabeth, his only daughter, now well past thirty, seemed as she moved about the house, to be the "Lizzie" of his young life.

In this world of dreams the newspaper had no place. He still read aloud, but every day literature was replaced by the Bible. Hour after hour he droned on in his querulous voice. "Ever think of this, Lizzie?" and he would read whole pages from the Psalms, or the New Testament or the Epistles. His gray head would nod over the pages and when the muscles of his wizened hand had relaxed she would take the book from him, and place it on the table near his chair.

She often felt then as if she would like to hide it. When one lost one's job through no fault, and was forced to putter about the house all day, the Bible did not seem like suitable reading. One has time, under such conditions, to worry about diminishing fuel, leaking roofs, and closed banks. Father was Elizabeth's child, and the responsibility weighed heavily upon her shoulders. His Bible reading seemed to her to symbolize his slipping grip on realities, and the doleful passages which prophesied the end of the world came to be a refrain she could not banish from her mind. The constant flow almost maddened her, yet she discovered that she was beginning to agree with the old man, in expecting the "last days."

At such times she would shake herself vigorously and go for a stroll in the silent streets. She would return, with mind quiet, to the fussy demands of Father, to the worry about bread, butter and fuel, and the incessant flow of the quavering old voice, mouthing the phrases of the Holy Book.

APRIL came with none of its promise. The birds refused to sing in the chilly mornings. Even on sunshiny days the garden was wet under foot and Father could not be allowed out. Snow and drizzling rain necessitated a fire in the kitchen range and one in the base burner. To Elizabeth, who had been unconsciously looking forward to the change of season, the weather seemed an added leaden burden.

She came in one evening after a walk in the rain. "Who needs an Easter bonnet, anyway?" she called gaily as she shook the drops from her crocheted tam. But Father did not hear her—he was reading. She

dropped her tone of gayety as she dropped her frayed sweater. What was the use? What was the use of anything? And now came the old voice wheezing through the house—

"That you, Lizzie?" And then, "How's this? 'Jesus said unto her. I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live:

"And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.' And then He asked Mary, 'Believest thou this?' "

"You believe it, don't you Father?" Elizabeth enquired half heartedly.

"I do," Father answered, closing his eyes with a look of content.

Elizabeth went into the hall to hang her wraps. Father's voice was quiet. He was lost in thought, or dozing in the warmth of the stove, yet strangely the words continued in her ears, "And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." It was Easter tomorrow, and of course the Bible was talking about the bringing forth of Lazarus, and yet wasn't there something else in that promise? Did Christ mean that her mind should die in this treadmill of anxiety, that her body should be brought to death by hunger and want, that her soul should perish in the shame of the begging and the receiving of alms?

"And whosoever liveth and believeth on me—"

Hurriedly she seized her sweater and cap and crossing the side lot confronted a surprised neighbor.

"You know those bird nest cakes with the candy eggs I made for my brother's children? You admired them and said that you wished you had time to make some for Nada's birthday party Monday. * * * * I could make some for you tonight."

"You could!" The neighbor was genuinely delighted. "Of course I'd expect to pay you for them."

"Well, I kind o' hate to take money for a neighborly act—" Elizabeth faltered for a moment, "But you see—" and her lips straightened, "since I'm not at the office any more I figured I'd go into the pastry business."

"That's fine! I'll—," but Elizabeth was already hurrying toward the store to lay in a meager supply of pastry necessities.

In a few minutes she entered the kitchen, the brown packages tucked under her arm. The slam of the door seemed to awaken Father. In a moment he began reading.

" 'Jesus said unto her: I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live:

"And whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die." Sort of gives you courage, doesn't it Lizzie?"

Elizabeth, laying her supplies out on the kitchen table, pulled her sagging lips into a determined line. "It surely does, Father!"

My Pick-pocket

(A Household Hint)

By Virginia B. Jacobsen

"WHERE'S my pencil?" wailed Nancy as she made a frantic search the last minute before leaving for school.

"I can't find my history book," called Bob from the library.

"Mother!" demanded father from the top of the stairs, "Have you seen my keys to the car?"

"No! Take mine, they are in my purse in my top drawer."

"Mother, I can't find my shoe," wailed six year old Jean.

"Wear your new shoes. It is too late to hunt for the old ones now."

After the door had closed behind the last departing member of my adorable but thoughtless family, I sank down for a short respite before attacking the morning pick-up. I could not help smiling as I looked about my attractive but untidy living-room. There was Jean's shoe surreptitiously peeking out from beneath the davenport. It almost seemed to grin at me as I spied it in its hiding place. And there were Tom's keys in plain sight on the mantle with his reading glasses. Here was Bob's history book tucked down in the side of the very chair in which I sat. Delving deeper I retrieved my thimble and a spool of thread, and from still deeper down I brought to light Jean's long lost ring and a shiny dime.

Gathering the booty from my treasure hunt, I placed it on the stairs to await my next ascent. No use in making any more trips upstairs than necessary. Then the telephone called me away for ten minutes. But while I was gone, Tim—age two—discovered my cache and had ample time to scatter it from front door to back.

That settled the question of going up stairs. I gathered everything up again and made the rounds of the bedrooms, depositing each article in its proper place.

As I cleaned each room a similar array of misplaced belongings grinned at me from chairs, tables and floor. Four times that morning I chased upstairs putting things away. I decided that something must be done about it. Here, on this very busy morning I had spent no less than forty minutes of my precious time picking-up and putting-away. That was too much time wasted for my well regulated home.

I decided to stage a quiet rebellion.

That afternoon, I took a pretty piece of creton and cut out a tie-on apron with a huge pocket across the front of the entire apron. That evening at dinner I announced that I had a surprise for them all. Excitement ran high as I left the dining-room and returned wearing my unusual apron.

"Mother, what is it? What is it for?" demanded my surprised family.

"This is my Pick-pocket," I announced. "Everything I find around the house out of its proper place will go in here. When I am through cleaning, each day, I will make the rounds of the house and put things where they belong—EXCEPT—" I paused for effect,

and all eyes and ears were attention. "Articles which I feel have been left in carelessness and neglect will remain in the pocket until the owner has paid a fine. The fine will depend upon the negligence in the case and the size of the allowance of the offender. If the owner of the imprisoned article chooses he may pay the fine by doing some task which is not already his assigned duty. The money accumulating from the fines shall be used to replace broken dishes or to buy some new piece which we need. Is there any question on the matter?" I finished smiling.

The next morning I could not help chuckling at the scarcity of personal belongings out of place. Not one penny in fines could I impose. Of course, after a week their vigilance lessened, but a small fine justly asked and cheerfully paid was all the reminder that was usually necessary for another week. And so, the Pick-pocket has come to be a regular member of our family.

My Picture of Life

By Thomas Cottam Romney

I LIKE to think of life as continuous like a stream of water, deepening and broadening as it goes. Youth is represented by the stream at its source where the water expresses itself in its varying moods. Now it gurgles, now it moans and then it bursts forth into a boisterous roar as it dashes and splashes against the boulders and rockribbed banks that seek to keep it confined within legitimate bounds. Then come moments of calm when its surface is unruffled and the only noise to be heard is a tiny rippling sound reminding one of the gentle but prolonged laughter of a college girl. Maturity is symbolized in the ever deepening channel where the water has relatively ceased its boisterous moods and moves forward in graceful sweeps with now and then a splash, and an eddy, as some obstruction obtrudes itself to prevent its forward progress. Old age is reached almost unobserved except for the growing depth of the water which now has slackened its speed and a deeper silence broods over its surface, thus heralding its approach to the regions of an unknown sea.

The dashing, rolicking stream might furnish sport for the adventurous angler but the great quarries of delicious trout are to be found in the deeper depths of the stream. Similarly, the prospector dredging for gold might enhance his values slightly from the rocky bottom of the swift on-rushing torrent but the major deposits are to be found in the sands deeply laid beneath the surface of the water.

Thus it is with human life. The greater depths of human emotion and life's richer meanings are to be found in the afternoon and evening of life when the hustle and bustle of youth have given place to a spirit of calm. It is then when the melodies and harmonies of life are expressed in their deepest and richest tones and when the materials of life's experiences are woven into a beautiful pattern, whose colors are deep and whose texture has become firm through the passing of time. Youth, maturity and age are thus blended into one grand symphony of color, sound and pattern with a peaceful benediction over all.

How to Choose a Birthplace

By H. E. Kleinschmidt, M.D., Director, Health Education, National Tuberculosis Association

I AM a baby about to be born. My shipping tag reads, 'Somewhere in U. S. A.,' which pleases me, for there the fields are green, the people alert, and progress marches on. But in what city, town or hamlet shall I be born? It makes a difference. Life is safer in some places than in others.

"If I die as a baby, I shall not taste life. Adolescence is fresh with promise; shall the tingle of youth be made bitter by sickness or death? When I am an adult, enjoying the sense of mastery and with children of my own—surely, to be interrupted then would be cruel. When middle age drops the fruits of toil into my lap, that is not the time to be snatched away by some needless disease, is it? Not until the mellow years fade into a restful twilight shall I have tasted life to the full."

So spoke the unborn baby. He wrinkled his funny little brow and went on: "I am told, too, that length of years alone does not bring out the satisfying flavor of life. I don't want to be handicapped, held down, or intimidated by disease. My wings of ambition must not be clipped by some vigor-sapping defect that might have been avoided or corrected in youth. Give me life abundantly; the kind that is measured in length by a full calendar and in breadth by a glorious vigor."

The Baby Sizes Us Up

"I am told that the hazards of entering some parts of the United States as a new baby are considerable. For instance, last year in one city 12 out of each 1,000 babies died, while in another only 3 out of 1,000 died. You see how important it is to select my birth place. Who is going to see to it that my mother is capable of bearing a healthy baby? Who is going to advise my mother how to nourish me while I develop into a baby so that my teeth, bones, muscles and nerves will not be starved of some essential element when I am born? Whose watchful care will assure me that I shall not suffer a brain injury when I am born and become a blithering idiot the rest of my life?"

The unborn baby might ask many more pertinent questions about what is being done to lessen the health risks of infancy, such as summer diarrhea, which claims about 7 out of every 1,000 births annually, the contagious diseases, such as diphtheria, measles, scarlet fever, and the deforming effects of unwise nutrition. Looking ahead to adolescence and early adult life, he might inquire as to the safeguards the community provides against tuberculosis, syphilis and other infections. He would investigate to learn if all that is possible is being done to prevent heart disease, kidney degeneration, malaria, typhoid, and other disorders common in middle age, to say nothing of scores of physical handicaps which can be decreased by intelligent and prompt action.

A Storehouse of Health

Medical science has made great-

er strides in the past 25 years than ever before in the world's history. The storehouse of health-conserving knowledge is vast. But it is useless unless it is put within reach of all. The business of public health is to bring this knowledge to the people. It has grown to be a specialty. The time has passed when an enlightened community may safely leave health protection to the mercy of politics.

To obtain the benefits offered by science today, and to prevent disease, it is necessary to act as an organized group. Typhoid fever, for example, is spread chiefly by polluted water and unclean milk supplies. Organized as we are, one family alone could hardly protect itself from this disease, but the entire community, planning together, does this very effectively. Moreover, disease germs recognize no boundary lines enclosing towns and villages; the area of disease control must be a wide one—state and nation-wide.

To carry out up-to-date measures requires a few specialists who know what is in the storehouse of knowledge, such as a trained health officer, public health nurses, a laboratory technician, someone trained in educational methods, and various others versed in the particular branches of public health science.

The days of the one-horse buggy have passed. No longer are roads maintained by villages, towns and individual farmers. All of our social interests are broadening. The obsolete system of public health, which consisted chiefly of emergency control of epidemics by well-meaning but inadequately equipped local officers, must give way to the modern, centralized supervision of health promotion and disease prevention.

Health is Purchasable

What will it cost? With the old system, the cost of health protection averages, in most communities, less than a cent per week, per person. A modern health department can be maintained for about $2.00 per capita, per year. Schools cost about eight times as much and public roads even more.

"Yes," said the canny little rascal still in the Nowhere—"I'd like to alight in a county or city in which there is a sound health department." Would he choose your town?

Beloved

By Weston N. Nordgren

Your dark eyes draw me, dearest girl—
Your lips invite me near!
Your even teeth of whitest pearl
Are dazzling and clear!

Your flashing smile enraptures me!
You're full of joy and fun!
I thrill whene'er I think of the
Proud beauty I have won!

Oh glorious bud of womanhood,
Just bursting into flower—
I love to feel your every mood—
To see you every hour!

To see your dark eyelashes close—
To watch your dimpling chin—
No slimmer hands are there than those
You cup your young face in!

Rickets—a Deficiency Disease

By Lucy Rose Middleton

RICKETS is a disease of infants characterized by impaired nutrition of the entire body and alteration in the growing bones. It is a disease of the first and second years of life, rarely beginning before the sixth month. It comes on insidiously about the time the child is cutting teeth and before it begins to walk. The condition exists before it can be recognized and if the disease is mild the symptoms are often overlooked. There are, however, several very striking manifestations in most instances.

The normal process of dentition is much disturbed and late teething is a marked feature. The teeth may be small and badly formed. The bones of the arms and legs show signs of under-development. Often they are bowed from the weight of the child in creeping and walking. The fontanelles, or, in other words, the soft spots, are slow in closing. There are changes in the ribs. At the end of each rib a lumpy enlargement may be distinctly seen, and easily made out by touch.

These changes proceed slowly and the general symptoms are in proportion to their extent. The child may become emaciated or, if fat, will look pasty and flabby. Often nervousness, irritability, and sleeplessness are conspicuous. There is frequently a very bad posture, large, protruding abdomen, rounded shoulders, and evidence of a misshapen spine.

Children who suffer from rickets are more prone to develop respiratory diseases, such as colds, bronchitis, pneumonia, and even tuberculosis.

Rickets is a very widespread disease. It exists in practically all colder climates. It is most prevalent in large, over-populated cities, and particularly marked among the less well-to-do who are improperly housed and under-nourished. There are relatively few cases in rural communities. This fact suggests the most important factor in the treatment and prevention of rickets. This factor is sunshine, or its substitute in the form of artificially produced ultra-violet rays. If the uncovered skin is amply exposed to the sun or to ultra-violet rays, rickets does not occur and rickety children rapidly improve. These rays are not effective through window glass. Direct exposure must be given.

It is well known that negroes and other dark-skinned people living in the temporate regions are more prone to rickets than the white race. When they are treated, negroes show less improvement and require correspondingly larger doses of sunlight to get beneficial results. The pigment of their skin is resistant to the sun. Rickets is pactically unknown in the tropics where the sun rays are intense and people live out-of-doors.

Another important preventative and curative agent is cod liver oil. It is a curious fact that two such dissimilar things as sunlight and fish oil should be useful for the same purpose. Cod liver oil contains Vitamin D, the rickets-preventing vitamin. This substance is of great importance to the general growth and development of the body. It regulates the utilization of two most valuable bone-building materials,

calcium and phosphorus. In addition to cod liver oil, butter, egg yolk, and whole milk are our best food sources of this vitamin. Recently halibut liver oil has been found as effective as cod liver oil.

Care must be taken to protect all babies and small children from rickets. Cod liver oil should be given regularly in ample amounts, at least during the colder months of the year. In the warm season, sun baths should be a part of the daily routine.

RECIPIES

Corn Omelet

4 eggs
4 tablespoons milk
1 cup corn
2 tablespoons butter
½ teaspoon salt
Pepper

Beat eggs slightly, just enough to blend yolks and whites, add milk, corn, and seasoning. Put butter in frying pan, and when melted turn in mixture. When it cooks, lift with spatula, letting uncooked part run underneath until all is creamy consistency. Increase heat that it may quickly brown underneath. Fold and turn on hot platter. Garnish with parsley and serve with crisp bacon.

Finnan Haddie a la King

1 tablespoon butter
½ cup mushrooms
¼ green pepper
1 tablespoon flour
¼ teaspoon salt
2 cups rich milk
1 cup finnan haddie
2 tablespoons butter
2 egg yolks
¼ teaspoon chopped onion

Melt tablespoon of butter, in it cook the mushrooms, peeled and broken in pieces, and green pepper, chopped fine. Cook and stir five minutes; add flour and salt and stir until well blended. Add milk and stir until sauce boils. Set over hot water, add finnan haddie, cut into pieces, cover and let stand to become hot. Cream two tablespoons butter, beat in yolks of two eggs, then add onion juice and pepper. Add to the first mixture and stir until egg is set. Serve in sections of hot baked potato

Fresh Pieplant Pie

1 cup sugar
¼ cup quick-cooking tapioca
3 cups rhubarb, cut in one-half inch lengths
Plain pastry

Mix sugar, rhubarb, and tapioca well together and put into pie dish lined with uncooked pastry. Place pastry strips across the top, pressing them securely to the edges which have been moistened with cold water. Place extra strip around the edges.

Dumb

By Annie Pike Greenwood

Have all birds voices in this happy spring,
Or is there one, like me, who cannot sing?

Who listens, dumbly, for that last behest
When God shall make us vocal like the rest?

Looking Back Over the Years

By Sarah M. McLelland

IN looking back over the years I have been privileged to be in the service of the Master, I recognize and try to appreciate the many blessings I have received from His Spirit, that has been my constant guide while in his service.

Foremost among the blessings I have received are the friendships formed through the association in the homes of the representative people of the Church. In thinking of their hospitality and appreciation of our efforts to help them, I am reminded of the words of Oliver Goldsmith,

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.
Princes and Lords may perish or may fade,
A breath can make them, as a breath has made,
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride
When once destroyed can never be supplied."

The President of one of our Stakes said the Relief Society was to the Church what the mother was to the home.

Many of those who travel in the interest of the Church have varied experiences. During the first years I kept a record of my travels I had many interesting and thrilling adventures travelling on the railroad also on stages that carried the mail and occasionally in farmer's wagons.

IN 1911 the day before Thanksgiving, my companion and I were travelling in northern Arizona. We left St. Johns at five a. m. to attend conference in Snowflake, a distance of about fifty miles. The thermometer was below zero. Arriving at Concho, a small Mexican village, about ten a. m., one of our horses became sick. Our driver, a young boy, tried to get a horse but failed. We drove on slowly to Rock Point, made a fire and ate our lunch. After resting, the horse seemed better. We drove for a few miles, when the horse fell down, refusing to move. The day was fairly well spent. We were anxious to move on, as we were not prepared to spend the night camping out, having neither bedding nor food. Our driver suggested that he ride the well horse to Snowflake, but we would not consent to this.

After a time the horse recovered, and we moved on, but alas took the wrong road. Fortunately my companion had a compass, and we discovered we were going due east instead of north. We at last got on the main road about midnight. We heard the rumbling of wheels. Our rescuers had arrived, and we were thankful.

On a trip to Canada and Wyoming in August 1911, we were met at the station in Cardston by members of the Relief Society prepared with umbrellas, as it was raining. It continued to rain a steady down pour for five days. We decided Canada was wet. Meetings were held as scheduled and well attended. One Sister said she had travelled fifteen hundred miles to attend the meeting

and felt fully repaid. After a visit in Magrath, we travelled on to Billings, Montana. We spent the day there and took the train for Toluca, Wyoming, arriving at ten-thirty p. m. We were informed that the railroad track to Cowley had been removed and that we would have to spend the night in the station, as the hotel had recently been burned down. The first train that would take us back to Billings would leave at five-thirty the next morning. The outlook was not encouraging, no dinner, no breakfast, no bed. At midnight an automobile drove to the door and a man and woman with a valise and a quilt came in. The quilt was thrown in a corner and the woman laid down. The man opened the valise, took out a deck of cards, and asked us if we would join him in a game of cards. We declined. He then took a bottle from his pocket and offered us a drink of whisky, saying it would fortify us for the night. We refused. He said, "You must be W. C. T. U. women."

The wind began blowing and slamming the doors open. Lightning flashed and lit up our gloomy quarters. My companion said what would we do if hoboes came in and held us up. The man said I am prepared for that and put his hand on his hip pocket. We felt a bit more secure and rested until daylight. When the train arrived we were ready for breakfast, but alas the train had no diner on. Arriving at Billings we were hurried to a narrow gauge train that was leavng for Cowley. We arrived in Cowley in the afternoon having had neither food nor sleep for twenty-four hours.

SOON after our people had been driven from Mexico, my companion, a young woman representing the Primary Association, and I left to visit Arizona, At this time the men were all busy building bridges and clearing away sagebrush and greasewood to make roads A boy was asked to ride on horseback to notify the people of the time of the meeting and that visitors had arrived from headquarters. After dinner our hostess said the team was ready. We were to ride in a light wagon, with a board seat and two chairs. I was asked to drive—to tell the truth I did not know how to drive, but dared not refuse. Our hostess sat beside me holding her baby and a parasol, as it was very warm. When all were seated, I took the reins and whip, cracked the whip, and off they went. I heard a scream but dared not look back. The chairs had tipped over, but fortunately no one was hurt.

That evening we held a meeting in a private house that was used for public meetings. There were benches for seats and two kerosene lamps placed on a table furnished the light. We had a glorious meeting.

What wonders the years have brought—electricity, the automobile, the radio. The voices of General Board members have been heard by means of this modern miracle in many countries. We used to travel in white tops, we expect soon to travel by air plane.

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

MISS FLORENCE E. ALLEN, appointed in March, judge on the federal circuit court of appeals, was born in Salt Lake City. She is the first woman to receive an appointment to that court, second only to the supreme court of the United States.

ELIZABETH PU-YI, the new empress of Japan, is noted for her beauty and modern ideas. She is the daughter of a Manchu business man and was educated by an American school mistress. Oriental tradition and occidental training make a unique combination for a queen.

ASTRID of Sweden, Belgium's new queen, has long since won the love and admiration of her subjects by her gentle grace and beauty.

PRINCESS ALICE, Countess of Athlone, has found a new thrill. With her husband, the Earl and two friends she recently took a stroll on the floor of the ocean, exploring the wonders of the coral garden peopled with brilliant colored fish, near Rose island, one of the Bahamas.

SONJA HENEI, world skating champion, gave an exhibition of her grace before an audience of 15,000 people including the Swedish royal family at Oslo.

HELEN JACOBS, America's tennis champion, joined the world tournament at Kingston, Jamaica. It is rumored that both Miss Jacobs and Helen Wills Moody will go to commercial tennis after 1934.

VIRGINIA and Massachusetts have both turned down the Child Labor law. Only twenty have thus far ratified.

MISS HELEN HAYES was chosen by the dramatic critics in a poll taken by the Associated Press as the best actress on Broadway for the year 1933, while May Robson, Katharine Hepburn and Diana Winward received the screen's highest awards.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY was eulogized in Congress on her birthday, February 15, her 114th anniversary. That Congress at whose doors she knocked for over 40 years for recognition of women. Times have surely changed.

DR. LUCY L. W. WILSON of Philadelphia has been awarded the Bok trophy—a gold medal and a check for $10,000. This makes her unofficially the "First Citizen" of the Quaker City.

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON has a new juvenile story out this spring. Mrs. Bacon won the first prize for an international hymn based on Beethoven's Ninth Symphony called the "Ode to Joy."

MRS. P. V. CARDON of Logan, Utah, has written a book in verse on Indian legends to which Mrs. F. P. Champ has given a setting of music, the introduction is by Pres. Anthony W. Ivins.

LADY BURGHCLERE has edited and published the interesting correspondence of Lady Salisbury. Letters from nearly all the notables of the Victorian period are included.

CLARA GERBERT has edited a beautiful anthology of dedications and prefaces of Elizabethan literature, which is especially delightful reading for devotees of that period.

By Holly Baxter Keddington

A HOBBY is a favorite pursuit or object. Nearly everyone has a hobby of some type or other. One of the most common hobbies is gardening. This one activity can be divided into numerous interesting hobbies. For example, collecting various varieties of bulbs, shrubs, annual or perennial flowers, or collecting strange plants for indoor culture. Gardening seems to be a seasonal hobby but the real "hobby-ist" will carry his activity on through the seasons with plans and work preparatory to outdoor labor. April is the month when most of the garden preparation and planting is done. Try some new variety of shrub or annual this spring and give away the part of your perennials that crowd other growth. If you have a hobby would you write to me about it? Later we hope to suggest interesting hobbies to readers of this page. Possibly yours is just the one we want.

HAVE you read the book "One Hundred Million Guinea Pigs?" Whether you believe every statement in it or not, the book is most interesting. You and I are the Guinea Pigs of the book upon whom are thrust the myriad products on the market today. We are literally "April-fooled" by flowery, not-so-true advertising. We must admit that young mothers are "fadists." We really are sincere in our endeavor to do the right thing by our little one and we feel that we must be up-to-the-minute on every subject be it vitamin or tantrum. Read about the Guinea Pigs and the risks taken when we buy over-advertised products. Mothers should be very careful about the products bought for their youngsters. When in doubt, that splendid friend of yours,. your Physician who helped you through mumps, measles and other ailments is your most reliable consultant.

THIS little page does not intend to market or indorse any product, but I do give three cheers for linoleum varnish! I wasted 624 hours of time just scrubbing inlaid linoleum that needed linoleum varnish years before. This was over a period of twelve years of housekeeping during which time I put papers all over the floor as soon as I was off my knees (that looked awful), and next day the family could walk on the linoleum; but it was immediately in need of another scrubbing. Now, thanks to the varnish, I need scrub no more. The floor is done once or twice a week and it stays clean for days longer than before. I could have been 312 times to Relief Society meetings and think of the wasted energy and the spoiled dispositions when my floor was muddied.

Crocus and tulip by my path
I hear a robin cheer.
My heart is light with gratitude,
Fair April—April's here!

Notes from the Field

Granite Stake.

THE very remarkable results accomplished by the Granite Stake Relief Society is evidence of what can be done, and we are printing it in detail as it may be suggestive to other stakes who find the visiting teachers' work something of a problem.

Visiting Teachers' Program: Important indeed is the visiting teachers' meeting, held the first Tuesday of each month at one o'clock. After singing one verse of a song, prayer is offered and the Topic presented. Then comes a very choice period to the President, a time when she can get close to her supervisors and teachers, a time when she can have a heart to heart talk with them, an opportunity to present the right ethics of teaching in the home. The Teachers' Books are then distributed and the meeting adjourned.

The second Tuesday of each month at one fifteen o'clock the Teachers' Report Meeting is held. After singng and uniting in prayer, roll is called. The ward is divided into districts with a supervisor over so many blocks and two teachers are assigned to each block. The supervisor calls on one teacher of each group to report on the number of families visited and the percentage, this is of the homes assigned to her. She also reports as to what success she has had in presenting the Topic. While she is giving this report, her companion teacher hands to the President a written confidential report of homes or conditions that the President should know about. Her report book and contributions collected are then handed to the Secretary. The next month the teacher who gave the verbal report will change places with her companion who has handed in the written report and thus each humble, timid teacher acquires confidence in herself as she stands to make this brief report.

Guided by the written report the President makes the first visit to the home and decides whether the case needs the welfare worker, the sunshine worker, or the aid of the President.

Through a systematic plan of procedure and well trained teachers, such results as increased attendance, renewal of friendships, a spirit of harmony and love, with advancement, progress and growth, may be enjoyed, making duty a pleasure. Thus bringing officers to a realization that "whosoever in the darkness lighteth another with a lamp, lighteth himself also."

The Sunshine Department: Happy indeed are the officers of Granite Stake for the achievements of the sisters in the various wards who work in this special activity. Some eight or nine years ago our dear President, Emmaretta G. Brown, saw what might be accomplished, or, in fact, caught the vision of a need in Granite Stake for a work to be done by this group, such as is now being carried on. To her, their work was not merely to minister to the homebound souls, but to carry good cheer, happiness and love, or in a word, "SUNSHINE," to any and all who might be prevented, either by physical or spiritual disability, from full enjoyment of the blessings of Relief Society work.

By permission of President Clarissa Williams, the name "Sunshine Committee" was substituted for "Homebound Committee," and the

field of labor of this activity enlarged. Thus the Presidents are relieved of much work which previously fell upon them.

The Department of Sunshine Work is maintained in the stake organization, with a member of the board taking charge at all union meetings. Care is taken to present helpful material for the guidance of the ward groups. We have an average attendance of forty-five women at these meetings each month.

From the beginning the department has been self-sustaining. A circulating library has been built up during the last three years. A Sunshine party was held in the Stake House, the admission charge being a book or its equivalent. A librarian is in charge and good magazines are circulated in addition to the books. This service is especially appreciated by the homebound in each ward. At union meeting, in addition to our own fine *Relief Society Magazine,* we have studied Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick's appropriate work *Twelve Tests of Character;* also, we have discussed special articles by such current writers as Bruce Barton, Kathleen Norris, Marjorie Shuler, Angelo Patri and others. We emphasize the value of motivating human interest stories, and develop in our meetings the relating of interesting actual experiences of our Sunshine workers. These are highly faith-promoting. This has led to the compiling of our "Sunshine Gem Book." We have a "Good-Thought Exchange." Enough copies of these are brought so that each ward committee is supplied. In some cases these are being carefully preserved and filed, and no doubt, for some will become treasures.

There is a very live, active interest in this work, and the native initiative of the workers is manifest in the remarkable ways discovered for usefulness and enlargement of the field of service.

Sunshine workers are the representatives of their President, and are delegated to bear her message of cheer, helpfulness, love and sunshine —the real Gospel message of "Good News."

As a result of this carefully planned department we are reaping the joy of seeing women who were indifferent, women where the spark of desire for the Gospel was burning at a low ebb, awake to a love of the work and become some of our finest and most earnest workers of today. The Sunshine workers in Granite Stake have become to the Relief Society what the missionaries are to the Church in the world. Positive reaction of the simplest, yet most powerful forces of religious life is the result.

With the closing of this year's work, Sunshine work is a beautiful part of Relief Society. It goes right to the heart and helps. It is a service simply and humbly done in the name and spirit of the Master.

Grant Stake.

FROM another one of our city stakes comes the report of the work and business for the year. Under the able leadership of Mrs. Winnifred B. Daynes, Mrs. Amy E. Neff, and Mrs. Marie H. Tanner, very splendid work in the departments of the Relief Society was accomplished, but the work and business seems quite outstanding.

Activities of the Grant stake for 1932 and 1933: Most of the wards gave a bazaar, a dinner, a play and a flower show. Five wards reported mending, cleaning, pressing and patching for special families. Exchanging recipes of candy and other recipes. Twelve of our wards took up this group work, each ward reported increased attendance. One

ward formed a mothers' club and met one extra evening in addition to the meeting on the work and business day. Another ward had a kindergarten department. This cared for 16 to 24 children each Tuesday afternoon; 24 young mothers joined at that time. Another ward had 18 young mothers join. The stake has had some very excellent reactions from this group work.

Report from Young Mothers' Group: This is one of our groups that meet on our work and business days.

Our aim for the Society:

1. To increase membership.
2. To stimulate interest on work and business day.
3. To make a place for young women in our Society.

Our aim for Mothers:

1. To raise the standard of motherhood.
2. To encourage large families by showing value.
3. To enjoy our children more.
4. To prove that the home is the first and greatest institution for the development of men.
5. A mother's prerogative is to give the first and greatest training.
6. To relieve the over-burdened mother.

Our success can only be measured by our members. There is a steady increase in members.

Teton Stake.

THE Teton Stake Flower Show and Art Exhibit was held at Driggs, Idaho in the Fall of 1933. The ward officers loyally supported the stake board in its efforts and the day proved an overwhelming success. A fine array of needlework and novelties in the sewing line, canned and fresh fruits, vegetables, potted plants, rugs, quilts, oil paintings, etc., adorned the stake house. A large and appreciative audience listened to a program of songs, speeches and a short play put on by Relief Society members under the direction of the stake board. Refreshments were served to all at the close of the day. The flowers and fruit were exceptional considering the unusual water shortage and prolonged heat.

Tintic Stake.

ON September 19, 1933, the Tintic stake Relief Society held a class leaders and visiting teachers convention at Eureka, Utah. The morning session was devoted to class leaders' work. The program consisted of talks from the stake class leader, musical numbers, roll call, address by General Board Member Jennie B. Knight, and the introduction of the slogan "I will Respond." At the door one of the stake board presented each member with a program and a small gold ribbon, upon which the slogan was printed. A member of the stake board introduced the slogan in this session in a very clever and impressive manner. A poem composed by one of our members was read. This told exactly what this slogan stood for and all were asked to accept it and live up to it to the best of their ability. At noon a free luncheon was served to all present. For the dessert, cookies were served with the slogan also written on them. The afternoon session had for its main theme the work of the visiting teachers. The demonstration given by the stake board was original, and showed how a teachers' meeting should be conducted the first Tuesday of each month. Sister Alice Reynolds of the B. Y. U. gave an interesting and inspirational talk. We appreciated having both Sisters Knight and Reynolds with us. Members of the Priesthood and Relief Society workers numbering 104 were in attendance at this convention.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

THE GENERAL BOARD

MRS. LOUISE YATES ROBISON - - - - - - - - - - President
MRS. AMY BROWN LYMAN - - - - - - - - - - First Counselor
MRS. JULIA ALLEMAN CHILD - - - - - - - - - Second Counselor
MRS. JULIA A. F. LUND - - - - - - - General Secretary and Treasurer

Mrs. Emma A. Empey
Miss Sarah M. McLelland
Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon
Mrs. Jennie B. Knight
Mrs. Lalene H. Hart
Mrs. Lotta Paul Baxter
Mrs. Cora L. Bennion
Mrs. Amy Whipple Evans
Mrs. Ethel Reynolds Smith
Mrs. Rosannah C. Irvine
Mrs. Nettie D. Bradford
Mrs. Inez K. Allen
Mrs. Elise B. Alder
Mrs. Ida P. Beal
Mrs. Katie M. Barker
Mrs. Marcia K. Howells
Mrs. Hazel H. Greenwood
Mrs. Emeline Y. Nebeker
Mrs. Mary Connelly Kimball

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Editor - - - - - - - - - -

past eight or ten years has been spending for military purposes approximately $200,000,000 annually in excess of that expended by any other country. There have been appropriated each year during the period referred to between $700,000,000 and $800,000,000 for the army and the navy and in addition many hundreds of millions for veterans pensions, etc., resulting from the military activities of our government."

Is it not incrongruous that the Children's Bureau had a hard struggle to get an appropriation of $350,000, while the same Congress in the same month appropriated two and a half times that amount for breeding and boarding the horses of the National Guard. Other funds provided for the horses of the Cavalry and the Army. The same Congress appropriated $120,000, "for the encouragement of the breeding of riding horses suitable for the Army."*

IF public opinion is sufficiently aroused against this terrible expenditure for war purposes, the appropriations will be cut down. For not only does the Government yield to the pressure of financial interests, but it also yields to the pressure of large numbers of voters.

If Civilization is to continue, we must have peace for it is the means of carrying on civilized life.

While the joyous Easter season is with us let us remember the teachings of our Master and determine to walk in the paths of peace. Let us create public sentiment so that we shall spend no more money for armies and navies than is absolutely necessary for our protection. We can cut down our preparation for war and merely expend what is necessary for our safety.

Congratulations

CONGRATULATIONS Lehi Stake!

A delightful and most unique entertainment was given in Lehi Stake on Saturday evening, March 3.

About one year ago the women of the stake served a dinner for the Fathers and Sons gathering. This year the men, under the able direction of President Schow and President Peterson, entertained the Mothers and Daughters, and they did it most royally.

An interesting program was presented entirely by men, in the Auditorium of the High School Building. A group of High School boys captivated the audience in a burlesque of a woman's sewing circle.

Every mother's heart was touched, and every daughter must have thrilled at the sight that met them in the corridor while passing from the Auditorium to the gymnasium, where the banquet was served. Lined on each side of that long corridor were young men, dressed in white, wearing white caps with green bows —a thrilling sight for anyone. These were the waiters who served most efficiently. The banquet hall was artistic and most attractive—the white cloths decorated with strips of green, lighted candles and a profusion of flowers.

Eight hundred and eighteen women were seated. A delicious hot dinner was served. President Schow, President Peterson and the committee were untiring in looking after the comfort of the guests.

The three General Presidents of

*Miss Dorothy Detzer Executive Secretary International League for Peace.

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS' BANQUET, LEHI STAKE

the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, the Primary Association and the Relief Society respectively were guests of honor of the Stake Presidency.

An unusual feature, not programmed, came after the banquet, when the tired, harrassed men sorted their spoons, forks and saucepans.

It was a delightful affair, long to be remembered.

—*President Louise Y. Robison.*

A Worthy Project

WE congratulate the Salt Lake City Federation of Women's Clubs on their most worthy project, beautifully carried out of recognizing seven women for their outstanding services to the community.

It is a worthy custom for friends and organizations to pay honor to the dead. It is far better to recognize the worth of men and women and give them their meed of praise while they are living.

On Monday, March 5, 1934, at the Ladies' Literary Club House a luncheon attended by three-hundred women was given, followed by a very fine program. Tributes of praise were paid to Mrs. A. H. S. Bird by Joanna H. Sprague, to Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon by Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman, to Mrs. Ruth May Fox by President Louise Y. Robison, to Mrs. A. J. Gorham by Mrs. Charles G. Plummer, to Mrs. Alice Merrill Horne by Mrs. A. B. Irvine, to Mrs. E. O. Howard by Mrs. J. M. Thomas, to Mrs. A. W. Watson by Mrs. Arthur E. Graham (read by Mrs. C. E. Richards.)

These seven distinguished women were presented with medals made of Utah silver with "For Civic Service" emblazoned in the center of a laurel wreath and the names of the recipients engraved on the reverse side of the medals. In humility these women accepted the honors showered upon them and told of the joy they had found in their service.

The message of Mrs. Wilson to her hearers, "Never weary in well-doing," gave the key to the successful lives of these women.

As the seven women have devoted themselves loyally to furthering the cause of their church the closing song was most appropriately selected and gave the final message to all with its lovely refrain, "Oh, Friend, we never choose the better part until we set the cross up in our heart."

The Plum Tree Hedge

By Merling D. Clyde

By neglected buildings-screening
Where the broken fences run.
Still, impeccable, the plum trees
Spread their white skirts to the sun.

Like some virgin maidens standing
On the brink of sordidness,
Turn their backs, in pity hide it
With their fresh young loveliness.

Lesson Department

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in June)

Death and the Resurrection

1. *Death.* To those who have no faith in the resurrection, death is a grim pitiless reaper cutting down both old and young, without mercy and without restraint. It enters the home of not only the aged whose life's work is largely done, but also that of the young whose work is scarcely started. It strikes at the bride, the mother, and the child; no one is immune to its attacks; eventually it succeeds in reaching every human being. Not only this; but to the natural man it brings about the total annihilation of all who come within its path, for when death overtakes its victims they never return. Thus, to the unbeliever in the resurrection, death is the arch-enemy of the human race,—the most ruthless, the most implacable thing in the world.

2. But to the Latter-day Saints, people who have implicit faith in the promises of God, all this is changed. To them, death is as necessary as birth; it is as much a part of the plan of salvation as existence itself. The spirits of men existed before they acquired mortal bodies; they came to earth for a specific purpose; and they must go elsewhere for a continuation of their advancement. It was necessary that even the Son of Man himself should pass through this experience. We read: "The Lord your Redeemer suffered death in the flesh; wherefore he suffered the pain of all men, that all men might repent and come unto him." (Doc. & Cov. 18:11) Again: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me. Thus he said, signifying what death he should die." (John 12:32-33) Without death eternal progress would be impossible and existence would lose its charm.

3. *Proper Attitude Toward Death.* On the other hand, human beings are instructed of the Lord to do everything within their power to preserve the health of their bodies and otherwise postpone the time of their earthly departure. (See Word of Wisdom, Doc. & Cov. Section 89). Moreover, the Lord has said that "whosoever among you are sick, and have not faith to be healed, but believe, shall be nourished with all tenderness, with herbs and mild foods, and not by the hand of an enemy. And the elders of the church, two or more, shall be called and shall pray for and lay their hands upon them in my name; and if they die they shall die unto me, and if they live they shall live unto me . . . . And again, it shall come to pass that he that hath faith in me to be healed, and is not appointed unto death, shall be healed." (Doc. & Cov. 42:43-48)

4. From the foregoing it is apparent that not all who are blessed by the elders will get well. Even those who have the requisite faith will be healed only if they are "not appointed unto death." All believers who are thus blessed by the elders are promised, however, that if they die they will die unto the Lord. Moreover, "Those that die unto me," saith the Lord, "shall not taste of death, for it shall be sweet unto them." (Doc. & Cov. 42:46) Latter-day Saints, almost without number, can testify to the goodness of the Lord that has come to them through

the administration of the elders.

5. Even though the Latter-day Saints thus understand the purpose and necessity of death, yet it is not sinful for them to mourn when their loved ones are taken away. Indeed, they are instructed of the Lord so to love one another that they will weep for those who die. Here are his words: "Thou shalt live together in love, insomuch that thou shalt weep for the loss of them that die, and more especially for those that have not hope of a glorious resurrection." (Doc. & Cov. 42:45). Latter-day Saints thus mourn because of the absence of their faithful ones, not because of any doubt concerning their existence or welfare. Prolonged and excessive mourning, however, sometimes engenders bitterness and impairs faith. Confidence in the promises of God, together with continued supplications for faith, is the greatest source of solace for those who remain behind.

6. *Insufficient Understanding.* It is often difficult for human beings to understand the purposes of God. There can be no doubt, of course, that death is sometimes the result of human ignorance or even sin, and sometimes it comes when seemingly we do the best we know how. Occasionally when thus bereaved, we are tempted to question the wisdom and even the judgment of God. Faithful Latter-day Saints have learned, however, that they can safely trust in the omniscience of God, even unto the death of those whom they most dearly love. God specifically states that he is displeased with those who do not confess his hand in all things. (See Doc. & Cov. 59:21).

7. Man's unwillingness to place confidence in the purposes of God may be compared with the following: The occasion was a warm July day. A scantily clad child was sitting in a gutter half filled with swiftly flowing water. The child was enjoying itself to the full. Suddenly the mother rushed frantically from the house and quickly gathered the child into her arms, meantime reproachfully saying: "Haven't I told you that you must not do this!" Then, much against the child's protest, the mother carried it into the house.

8. The attitude of the child is not difficult to understand. According to its viewpoint, it was doing no harm; indeed, it was merely protecting itself from the heat of what would otherwise be a most uncomfortable day. Then, apparently without reason, the mother carried it into a warm stuffy house. The child, however, did not know that only a few feet below the point where it had been sitting, the water entered an unprotected conduit leading beneath the city street. On the other hand, the child saw only what it thought was the mother's disregard for its own comfort and welfare.

9. Men and women without faith in the goodness of God are often equally as unwise. They set up their opinions as superior to those of God, and sometimes condemn him if he does not act in harmony therewith. The experienced Latter-day Saint, however, has learned that the wisdom of God far transcends that of his own, and, moreover, that if he places trust in God, and otherwise keeps his commandments, all will turn out for the best. Testimonies to this effect are widespread among the Later-day Saints.

10. *Resurrection of the Master.* Christ became "the first fruits of them that slept" (I Cor. 15:20). When Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of James appeared at the sepulchre in the early morning of the third day, an angel of God, with a countenance like lightning and raiment as white as snow, stood near

the open door, and said: "Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here; for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay. And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you." (Matt: 28:5-7).

11. Throughout the following forty days he appeared unto many, teaching and expounding the truth. The literality of his resurrection is further attested by the fact that he not only permitted his disciples to see and handle his body (John 20: 26-28), but he actually ate and drank with them. (Luke 24:39-43)

12. At the close of this period he led his disciples "as far as to Bethany, and he lifted up his hands, and blessed them. And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven." (Luke 24:50-51)

13. And while his disciples "looked stedfastly into heaven, as he went up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel; which also said, ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." (Acts 1:10-11)

14. *Universality of the Resurrection.* The effects of the Savior's atonement are in general two-fold, namely; (1) the resurrection of the entire human family, irrespective of earthly deeds, and (2) expiation for individual sins, dependent upon faith, repentance, and continued works of righteousness. Concerning the first, the apostle Paul says: "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." (I Cor. 15: 22) The Lord himself says: "Then shall all the dead awake, for their graves shall be opened, and they shall come forth—yea, even all;" (Doc. & Cov. 29:26. Read also Alma 11:42-45)

15. *Resurrection at the Time of Christ's Second Coming.* Two general resurrections are spoken of as coming in the future, namely: one at the time of Christ's Second coming, now spoken of as the First Resurrection; and one at the close of the Millennium, often termed the Final Resurrection. In reality the first resurrection occurred when the Savior and others rose from the dead, but inasmuch as the resurrection which is to take place at the time of the Savior's coming will be the first unto us, we speak of it as the First Resurrection.

16. Concerning this event the Lord says: "For a trump shall sound both long and loud, even as upon Mount Sinai, and all the earth shall quake, and they shall come forth—yea, *even the dead which died in me,* to receive a crown of righteousness, and to be clothed upon, even as I am, to be with me, that we may be one." (Doc. & Cov. 29:13) Those who arise at this time shall also include the little children, those who have not received the gospel but have lived according to their best light, and even heathen people who knew not the law. (See Doc. & Cov. 45:54 also Alma: Ch. 10-11)

17. Concerning the glories that will attend his coming the Lord says: "Behold, I will come; and they shall see me in the clouds of heaven, clothed with power and great glory, with all the holy angels; and he that watches not for me shall be cut off . . . . . An angel shall sound his trump, and the saints that have slept shall come forth to meet me in the cloud." (Doc. & Cov. 45:44-45) Further: "The saints that are upon the earth, who are alive, shall be quickened and be caught up to meet him. And they who have slept in

their graves shall come forth, for their graves shall be opened; and they also shall be caught up to meet him in the midst of the pillar of heaven. They are Christ's the first fruits, they who are on the earth and in their graves, who are first caught up to meet him." (Doc. & Cov. 88: 96-98)

18. *The Final Resurrection.* "But the rest of the dead lived not again until the thouand years were finished." (Rev. 20:5; See also Doc. & Cov. 88:101) This will be followed by the final judgment, of which John spake as follows: "And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works." (Rev. 20:12)

Suggestions for Discussion and Review

1. Why does prolonged grieving for our loved ones who die detract from our faith?
2. Why would eternal existence in our present mortal form be undesirable?
3. In what condition is the individual between death and the resurrection?
4. Explain the two-fold nature of the Savior's atonement.
5. Compare in as many respects as possible the resurrected body with the mortal body.

Teachers' Topic

COURAGE TO MEET LIFE'S PROBLEMS

Our President, Louise Y. Robison, recently said, "What we need most is courage to face what is just ahead of us."

There is no other day in our lives so important as today, and "sufficient unto the day are the evils thereof."

These evils are here to be met face to face.

Women have always been heroic in every crisis, and in meeting the simple needs of every day. We must not slip now.

A new era is being born, and with every birth there is pain and fear and struggle. The women will help to fight it through and in the front ranks. Someone has asked why it is that nearly six times as many men as women take their own lives. It may be because sometimes it is easier to die for a cause than to live for it.

"Whoso lighteth another in the dark with a lamp lighteth also himself." Thus the women will hold high the lamp of hope and of faith and thereby they will see the step to be taken just ahead.

They will meet disappointment, "see hopes frustrated and hope anew." They will face ingratitude but will not turn back from helping others. Jesus did even so. Their heads may be battered, their hearts may bleed, but they will not surrender to darkness and gloom.

The problems of life here and now are as difficult and more complicated than those of our pioneer mothers. It is our job to carry on with faith and courage as did they. "What we have inherited from them we must earn before it is really our own."

Women have the power to change the sense of values now prevalent. Life is more than money and financial success. True culture is more than vain manners and costly raiment. Homes are more than houses and furnishings. A log cabin may be a paradise if cheerfulness and kindness are within.

We truly find life when we are willing to lose it for others.

Literature

(Third Week in June

LIFE AND LITERATURE

SPIRITUAL VOICES IN MODERN LITERATURE

"I hear a voice that sings:
Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
"The Chambered Nautilus"
—Holmes

Nature is God's work: Civilization is Man's work. Throughout the ages the activities of man, exploration and conquest, organization and leadership, science and invention, philosophy and art have combined to make the world of today. Change and decay may have removed the visible evidences of the past; but always the ideals of yesterday are stamped ineffaceably upon the monuments of tomorrow. On and on, man has striven in order to make a world in which he could realize the greatest freedom and the highest development. On every hand is the newness of a modern world. The arrangements of everyday life are new and the intellectual structure by which we interpret life is new, but there is a realm of human experience that never changes—love and hate, hope and fear, motives and impulses, joys and griefs. The march of civilization has left the realm of human experiences unaltered.

The spiritual substance of literature is from the abiding realm of human experience, the ideas, feelings, sympathies, emotions, and passions which move and inspire men's lives.

Spiritual Values of Literature

Literature as a criticism of life can be more than an explanation and an interpretation; it can present a vision of what life can be at its best. The complexity of modern life has been a shattering influence to many. "Through religion and through art men have found rest from the tension of life."

Man's greatest struggle has been a spiritual struggle, a struggle for self-realization. The Greeks believing "Man was the measure of all things" sought earthly perfection by a system of art, education, and philosophy. This was a great gift to man. The Hebrews struggled unceasingly for moral integrity because they believed "Man is the immortal son of God;" their gift to the world is the Bible, the supreme book of religion. Great art has sought to embody the Hellenic ideals of beauty and form with the spiritual ideals of the Hebrews. It has been the aim of great art, music, literature, painting, sculpture, and architecture—to bring to man the true significance of life. This spiritual quality of great art has two values; first, it has brought to man a deeper understanding of his spiritual life, second, a knowledge of human nature that enables him to meet the conflicts of life with courage and dignity. The great literary masterpieces of the past have come down to us today as the best loved books of the ages, and have joined with religion in keeping alive the torch of faith in the ultimate destiny of man. Their message challenges man to rise to moral grandeur, to the joy of a perfect peace that comes through Self-realization. Among the great masterpieces of literature that are valued for their ethical and religious values are num-

bered: "Prometheus Bound" by Aeschylus, teaching that disobedience to Moral Law brings suffering and suffering teaches; "The Book of Job," author unknown, deals with the mystery of human suffering; "Everyman," a morality, with the message that "deeds can never be undone;" the dramas of Shakespeare laying bare the forces that determine human character; "Paradise Lost" by Milton, "justifying the ways of God to man;" "Faust" by Goethe revolving around the problems "What is the secret of Life, Death, and Nature" and "What Brings Purification and Self-realization;" "Prometheus Unbound" by Shelley showing that Love and Righteousness must, in the very nature of things, eventually triumph over injustice. The combined message of all is in the words of Viscount Morley: "to lead us into inner moods of settled peace, to touch the depth and calm the tumult of the soul, to give us quietness, strength, steadfastness, and purpose, whether to do or to endure."

Spiritual Voices in Modern Literature

It is a far cry from Aristotle to Matthew Arnold, yet each looked at literature and saw there more than an expression for a mere presentation of life. Today, as in the past, the great writers, each after his own genius, have given expression to a spiritual message. Among such expressions are included Tennyson's "In Memoriam," Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty," Browning's "Saul," Masefield's "Everlasting Mercy." Of all the modern writers two are outstanding in their consideration of man as an individual seeking a fullness of life, Henry Ibsen and Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Ibsen and Self-realization

In the dramas "Brand," the Saint, and "Peer Gynt," the Sinner, Ibsen portrays vividly the universal truth, "Man is his own star."

Henry Ibsen was a Norwegian, born in Bergen at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The childhood of Ibsen was colored by the life of Bergen, its wooden mansions, its glorious Christmas festivals, and its wonderful fairs. School and church, madhouse and jail, all part of the town square, they too left an inpression upon the young boy. Prosperous days gave way to adversity bringing mortification and humiliation. Unprepossessing in appearance, the boy began a life of isolation, starving mentally and morally. Apprenticed to an apothecary, Ibsen's leisure was spent in writing verse. In a series of sonnets he implored King Oscar to help Denmark in her struggle for liberty. One of the poems attracted the attention of the owner of the National Theatre of Bergen, 1851. Ibsen began to write for the theatre. The early plays were lyrical in form and idealistic in theme and as such were unsuccessful. Prosperity came later with "The Doll's House," demonstrating the possibilities of the drama as an instrument of social reform. Ibsen's fame increased with every new plan. Always the dramatist looked at individuals struggling in the whirlpools of society. Looking at a civilization that was beginning to shake itself loose from religion, he wrote "Brand" and "Peer Gynt;" looking at a world needing new social traditions he wrote "A Doll's House" and "Ghosts;" looking at public life that needed leaders of integrity he wrote "An Enemy of the People" and "Rosmersholm;" looking at individual conflicts he wrote "Hedda Gabler," "The Master Builder," and "Little Eyolf."

Every audience was thrilled with Nora's independence as she declared, "First of all, I am a woman," in "A Doll's House," and "Ghosts" with its grim echo "The sins of the fathers" created a terrific uproar. Ibsen answered with an explanation of his purpose: "I have tried to show you that your sentimentality needs correction, you live in 'A Doll's House;' your society is physically and morally in need of cleansing, it is full of "Ghosts." I have spoken thus for a man shares the responsibility and the guilt of the society to which he belongs." Ibsen, as a man, contemplated mankind. He spoke denouncing, exposing, tearing apart individuals as well as society. Drama served him as it had served no "Master builder" since Shakespeare

Brand—The Sinner

Ibsen says of "Brand," "It came into being as a result of something I had experienced." That experience was the teaching of the pastor of Skein: "Christianity is a gospel of renunciation, hence it is one of sorrow." The gospel of "Brand" is "All or Nothing." Brand failed because he was an idealist representing God as wrathful and jealous demanding sacrifice, and entirely neglecting the ideal "God is a God of love."

Pastor Brand, the hero of the drama, adopts as his motto "All or nothing." He is called across the fjord to minister to a dying man. A storm is raging and the pastor calls for volunteers to row the boat. No man responds but a woman volunteers. Only that morning she had become betrothed, but she leaves her lover when he refuses to steer the boat. From that moment Agnes becomes the devoted follower of Brand and later his wife. Both devote themselves to their parish, striving always to eliminate personal weakness. Brand refuses to administer the last sacrament to his mother because she will not give her whole wealth to the church. When a son is born to Agnes and Brand, they see the babe pine for sunshine. They make preparations to leave the village to save the child's life, but eventually the goal "All or nothing" forbids. The babe dies.

It is Christmas Eve and Agnes would draw back the curtains so the light might fall on the little grave. Brand forbids it. Later a gypsy calls at the house asking for clothing for her child. Brand bids Agnes give the garments of their child to the woman. Agnes would save one treasure, a little cap, but Brand demands "All or nothing" because this is God's service. As she yields in anguish she cries out, "God is not so hard as you."

The struggle is too much for Agnes, she dies and Brand is left, the priest. Now he uses his mother's wealth to build a beautiful church. The peasants help with the work. They are so proud of the new edifice. Angered by this Brand, on the morning of the dedication, locks the door and throws the key into the lake telling the flock "to go home and dress your souls." Requesting the faithful to follow him, Brand leads them to the mountain heights to seek the Ice Church. The peasant girl, Gerd, leads them over the mountain trails. The crowd follows eagerly at first, but when news of the herring shoal comes the crowd returns to the village. Tired and bleeding Brand goes on alone, nothing daunted. As the avalanche comes taking Brand a voice is heard, "He is the God of Love."

The stupendousness of the creation of "Brand" awes the reader to silence. The beauty of the poetry and the intenseness of the situations carry the message as a melody. The details of the drama may fade but never its message, "All or Nothing."

Peer Gynt—The Sinner

"Peer Gynt" is a folk-tale, fantastic and imaginative. Ibsen wrote it as an answer to "Brand." As the situation in "Brand" all need the power of the will to overcome them, so in "Peer Gynt" every situation presents the opportunity for compromise. He is a type of humanity just as is Brand. While Brand represents the striving of man for a greater self, Peer Gynt represents blind egotism, a soul in which the "Gyntish" self is master.

The story opens at the farm of Peer's mother, Ase. Peer is being scolded for his careless, lazy habits. He is a pleasure-loving rascal like the father before him. Declaring that he will be "King or Kaiser," he lifts his mother to the low house-roof, and goes to make love to the daughter of a neighboring farmer. Next we see Peer Gynt at the girl's betrothal feast; he has attended uninvited. For sheer mischief he persuades the bride to elope with him. Next morning he sends her back to the bridegroom, because he really loves Solveg, a peasant girl. Peer Gynt is outlawed for his mischief and goes to live in the forest. Solveg out of love for Peer leaves her home and follows him to the forest. He is touched by the girl's love and purity, and is loath to accept the sacrifice. The great scene of the play comes next, the death of Ase. Peer Gynt loves his mother. As she lies suffering waiting for death, Peer comforts her last hours with stories of his childhood and of Norse mythology thus "riding her over the divide." After the death of his mother, Peer leaves his home. Years pass and he becomes a "king" of commerce in Morocco. He has been trading in negro slaves for Carolina and idol images for China. Losing his fortune he is stranded with a band of brigands, later, however, he finds himself crowned emperor of an asylum in Cairo. When an old man Peer Gynt returns home. As the vessel nears the shore a wrecked vessel drifts by. Peer offers to pay the sailors to go and rescue the drowning men. Denouncing the men as cowards for not helping, Peer Gynt does not risk his own life, however. Upon landing he goes to his old forest home. There is Solveg singing and waiting. At last the better self reigns, but it is too late. Soon the Button-Molder comes to warn him to prepare for death. Peer Gynt has had his chance "to be a shining button on the vest of the world," but he is found "not to be one thing or another." At last he learns that in seeking his own satisfactions, he has missed the best in life.

Ibsen attacks self-sufficiency through the character of Peer Gynt. The spirit of compromise avails nothing; it stagnates and prevents attainment. The two dramas "Brand" and "Peer Gynt" let us see the problem of Self-Realization but they do not offer a solution.

The Voice of Emerson

Matthew Arnold said of Ralph Waldo Emerson, "He is the friend and aider of those who would live

in the spirit." This he did first by encouraging self-reliance, and secondly by encouraging "God-reliance."

Concord, Massachusetts claims Emerson as her first citizen, while Boston boasts of him as her native son (1803-1882.) The descendant of a long line of ministers, it seemed inevitable that he should go to Harvard and study for the ministry. Of his home life Emerson said, "Toil, Want, Truth, and Mutual Faith were the four angels of my mother's home." At the age of twenty-three he was ordained as a Unitarian minister. It was during a period of intense religious unrest that Emerson resigned from the ministry because he could not agree with all the doctrines of his church. In sadness and poor health he started on his first visit to Europe traveling in many countries and visiting Landor, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Carlyle with whom he established a life-long friendship. Upon his return Emerson lived much alone as his poem "Good-bye" expresses:

"Good-bye, proud world! I'm
going home:
Good-bye to Flattery's fawning
face:
To grandeur with his wise grimace;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
To supple office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and
street;
To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
* * *
"O, when I am safe in my sylvan
home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and
Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath
the pines,
Where the evening star so holy
shines,
I laugh at the lore and the pride
of man,
At the sophist schools and the
learned clan;
For what are they all, in their
high conceit
When man in the bush with God
may meet?"

Fortunately, his wife's estate brought him a little income, so that he could live simply and leisurely at Concord.

The poems and essays of Emerson reflect the traits of the writer. One critic has said of him, "He lived and wrote by a sort of divine instinct." In his work he was highly individual. In his reading and studying, in his thinking, in his walks and talks, he jotted down his thoughts just as they came to him. The thoughts were organized later into lectures and essays. Emerson chose the essay as the literary form for the expression of his thoughts, because it was the form best fitted to them. Most of Emerson's life was spent in meditation, writing, and lecturing.

America is proud to call Emerson her great thinker, scholar, teacher, and philosopher. Using always the scholarly form, his appeal has been to those who lived in the realm of thought. In his wisdom the reader finds security because it is the wisdom of the ages. Emerson is one of the great forces in all literature.

"Self-Reliance" is Emerson's greatest essay. Its theme is "Know yourself and trust yourself." The self to be trusted is not the egoistic or selfish self, but the divine self. The essay is therefore a mental and spiritual challenge. The thoughts are expressed sincerely, earnestly, and effectively. Some of the great truths expressed can never be forgotten:

"Trust thyself; every heart vibrates to that iron string."

"To be great is to be misunderstood."

"Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles."

"A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds."

"Let a man then, know his worth, and keep things under his feet."

"What I must do is all that concerns me, not what people think."

"There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance."

The main divisions of the essay follow the lines of thought:

I. Trust yourself.
II. Hindrances to self-reliance.
    1. The tendency to follow our own past.
    2. Ignorance of self.
    3. Too much deference to others.
    4. Sincerity and independence have been the traits of all great men.
III. The call to self-reliance.
    1. The self is divine in origin and nature, worthy to be trusted.
    2. The soul is original, self-poised, and self-sufficient.
    3. Be strong and follow truth in all the relations of life.
IV. The need for self-reliance everywhere.
    1. In society and business.
    2. In prayer and creed.
    3. In the arts.
    4. In our relations with society.

Selections from other essays by Emerson:

Nature

"The difference between landscape and landscape is small, but there is great difference in beholders."

Manners

"The gentleman is a man of truth, lord of his own actions, and expressing that lordship in his behavior, not in any manner dependent and servile either on persons, or opinions, or possessions."

Friendship

"A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him I may think aloud.—A friend may be reckoned the masterpiece of nature."

Compensation

"Every excess causes a defect, every defect an excess.—Nature hates monopolies and exceptions. —There is always some leveling circumstance that puts down the overbearing, the strong, the rich, the fortunate, substantially on the same ground with all the others."

"The farmer imagines power and place are fine things. But the President has paid dear for his White House."

"He who by force of will or of thought is great and overlooks thousands, has the responsibility of overlooking."

In reading Emerson we know we have been on the heights; he leads us with him "up the shining trail of the ideal and the eternal." We realize with a new intensity that:

"Man is his own star: and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."

* * *

"The aids to noble life lie within us."

Suggestions for Study.

A. Materials:
   1. The Story of the World's Literature—Macy. Chapters 46, 48.
   2. The Outline of Literature—Drinkwater.
   3. Essays—Emerson.
   4. Brand—Ibsen.
   5. Peer Gynt—Ibsen.

B. Program:
   1. Music:
      Selections from Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite.
   2. Discussion:
      a. The Spiritual Values of Literature.
   3. Reviews:
      a. Brand.
      b. Peer Gynt.
   4. Readings:
      a. Selections from Emerson's Essays.

C. Method:

The lesson is planned as the closing program of the year.

The message of the lesson is the important thing.

Social Service

(Fourth Week in April)

HOME AND SCHOOL

The major function of the home is the care and training of children. The activities of the home are managed in diverse ways by the parents themselves and are financed privately from the earnings of the members of the family group. The state or public has interfered by regulating family life only by preventing abandonment of children or undue cruelty to or neglect of them. The major function of schools is the training of children. At first this aim was wholly one of removing illiteracy. The rise of popular government required a common training in citizenship. In later years the preparation of the child for certain vocations and training in social conduct and the correct moral use of leisure time have been made functions of the school. Schools are financed in a cooperative way by taxation. This lesson aims to encourage class members to think out clearly the relationships between these two major institutions. These relationships should include the following:

1. Recognition of the specific responsibilities of the home.
2. Recognition of the specific responsibilities of the school.
3. Analyses of cooperative responsibilities.
4. Analyses of possible points of conflict.
5. Relationships between responsibilities and support.
6. The dangers to childhood and to society in conflict between the two institutions

Suggestions for Procedure:

Plan the lesson carefully in the light of the six aims.

Assign the reading guide and ask the class members to come prepared to discuss the six aims. As each aim is discussed the class leader should apply the interpretation of the material outlined from the report of the White House Conference and the discussions given below.

Reading guide for class members: Personality, pp. 11-20.

Note the emphasis of the child as the objective in both institutions.

Do you feel that the author tends to make the home a means to school success?

Historically which is the helping institution?

What seems to be the chief reason for the school being more efficient and therefore, seeming to be more important now?

Three problems for cooperation are specifically pointed out and discussed:

1. The child's health:
   Notice carefully what is outlined as the responsibility of the home in this matter.
   Are equally definite requirements stated for the schools?
2. School aims and methods:
   Who should formulate school aims?
   What factors are to be considered by the parents in training the child to begin school?
   Should parents dictate school methods of precedence?
   Should parents know about these methods?
   What cooperation is necessary when a pupil's program is modified because of peculiarities indicated by psychological tests or other examinations?
   Is the decision not to have home study to be made by teachers or parents? Why?
   Can the home help in teaching the formal school studies? Should it do so? Note the social as well as the school answer to this question.
   Is the "strain" that often accompanies school work due to the school or to parental standards?
   Does the best education point the child back into his home or away from it?
3. Satisfaction of inner needs so that the emotional desires are met.
   Note carefuly how this problem changes the various characteristic periods of childhood represented by the various school levels.
   In what ways is independence desired?
   How are the congenial human relations developed?
   Of what types of pupil achievement should the parents be particularly proud?
   To what extent should teachers modify school programs because of different home conditions?
   The questions given in the booklet are based on an assumed survey of school conditions in each community. It is worth while to find out the facts called for.

Suggestions based on the White House Conference Report and supplemented by the author of the lessons.

1. The function of the home.
   Louis Stanley discusses the following three basic purposes of the family:
   a. care and training of the young.
   b. the nurturing of traditions.
   c. "building up of an adult family life which will send out individuals better able to face life than were their parents." pp. 133ff

   He points out clearly (p. 135) that the chief determining factor in the training value of the home is the interplay of personalities. The home must therefore, be a real social institution. The standards of the family need to be such as deviate in an acceptable way from the social norm or a handicap is placed on the child by his home or family. As an illustration: A young student guide at Berea College

refused to give her home town or family status in the face of persistent questioning. Her ideals had exceeded her home realities and she was exerting energy to overcome, as she thought necessary, the home influence.

The physical care of the child is dependent on the knowledge of the parents and the healthful provisions in the home. It is forcefully pointed out (p. 138) that there is an economic limit below which children cannot be well cared for. Parents must think vigorously of the inherent individual and social dangers of forcing back on the home for individual direction and financing of many of the present school functions, at a time when home poverty is more acute than it has been for years. Cooperative financing is still the only safe method. It may be necessary to reduce the support for these public child-care institutions but this does not imply the necessity for shifting the burden back to the home that is already in poverty. The findings regarding the social status of the modern family are summarized on page 142 and are worth studying.

2. The responsibilities of the school.

The school is an agent for child care and training. No child should be sacrificed to the perpetuation of any part of the school. The literary training is a traditional responsibility. Health as an aim is new. It is emphatic (p. 170) that all details of school instruction should be so organized and managed that the health of the child is conserved. The reading guide material emphasizes specific intellectual goals for each level of school. Reading, number calculations, spelling, correct and ready language, and facts of geography, history and science are to be taught by the school. These must be taught in such a way that interest in them carries over to the use of reading and observation as leisure time pleasures. The attitudes developed as a result of the intellectual generalizations formed at school should lead to good fellowship, friendliness, a desire to work and civic loyalty. All this is the specific purpose of the school.

3. The cooperative activities are stressed in the reading material in the pamphlet. Cooperation in the health work is outlined in the Conference report p. 186. Perhaps the greatest single field of cooperative training is in the field of character. Home life should exemplify what is desired of children. School should be conducted so that the acceptable virtues are rewarded. Neither can justly place the blame on the other for character failures. Cooperation in character education must extend out to other community agencies. Church instruction should be adapted to modern problems in modern conditions. If there is a conflict of standards between the church, the school, homes, the community government, and others a young person is left practically without guidance. In a recent scale prepared by Dr. Goodwin Watson for rating the home contribution to personality development of children one item is stated as follows:

Negative extreme. "Parents

easily upset, grow emotional, evade or lie in matters of guilt, death, sex, status, criticisms, relatives, religion, etc. Positive extreme: "Parents emotionally mature, face problems frankly, good self-insight, essentially honest in dealing with other persons, especially with the child."

If all homes rated high toward the positive extreme; if what the child learns from the habits, likes, tastes, tricks, sense of justice, degree of humor, and courtesy of the teacher are all wholesome; and if all school instruction is such that real permanent interests are developed and morbid fears eliminated and learning motivated on a high plane, then home and school are cooperating for character education. The class might well make a verbal survey of the extent of such cooperation in the community. Are there cases of parents who become angry at the teacher and try to force promotions, etc? Are there parents who defend their children in cases of malicious mischief? Are there parents who think of school success only in terms of high marks no matter how obtained? Are there teachers who send notes home demanding that parents motivate the children? Do children report some courses as special occasions for cheating? Are some required high school courses disliked by most pupils? Are there some teachers universally disliked by pupils? These are typical questions to be answered in this survey of cooperation.

4. Points of conflict between home and school are numerous and yet all avoidable. To prevent conflicts it is necessary that parents and teachers both have a common aim for school work —the welfare of the child.

Schools are not organized as an agency for satisfying the social pride of parents often at the expense of a child's welfare. Parental demands for marks and special classification of pupils on this basis mar the spirit of cooperation.

Schools likewise should never be used by teachers for expressing personal prejudice.

Schools are not organized to subsidize the private business of a community. What is bought for school use should be determined by its educational usefulness. Persons who are employed to teach or do other work should be fully qualified to perform the task.

Schools are not agents of propaganda for special interests. The curriculum should be controlled by the consideration of general educational values. The content of textbooks should be scientific and accurate. No child in school should be subjected to the influences of special advertising or salesmanship activities.

Schools are not agents for the general welfare which is achieved by common training of all citizens. Demands for extensive vocational training programs, and special social privileges increase the cost excessively and complicate the problem of training for American Citizenship.

In a sense schools are designed to perpetuate traditions and culture. Teachers should not use this as a justification for not training pupils to solve the

problems of the present and to face the future. When time is limited some of the traditional requirements may have to go. Broad aims demand a variety of program The new school cannot be run as was the old school. Teachers should not try to develop independence in children by old school-master autocracy. Parents must not cry for the type of management of the good old days. Both must see the problem involved in the new demands of the school.

Misuse of marks, test results and formal assignments lead to misunderstanding. Teachers often proclaim the breadth of aim but reward and judge only by absolute results in formal learning. Parents often demand recognition for children which will be unfairly influential in their standard of values. In both cases too much emphasis on the uniform intellectual results leads to cheating or other manifestation of fear.

Both school and home must adjust in programming. Absence interferes with the regularity of school work. Over emphasis by teachers on attendance often cause serious home embarrassments. The only ground for adjustment is for each to do the thing that is for the best of the child.

Motives must inhere in each institution, but one may supplement the other. Teachers should supplement interest in school work and develop in the pupils the drive that will carry it forward. Home approval gives zest to school work. Parents must develop purposes in the minds of children for doing the work of the home. Teachers make this more attractive by encouragement and recognition.

One fundamental p r i n c i p l e should guide all of these seeming points of conflict—school and the parental home are both temporary in the life of the child. Both are instruments of cultural training for a different life from either one.

5. The Relationships between responsibilities and support.

In origin school is a secondary institution. Its function was delegated to it by parents. It remains a service institution supported by public funds. If civilization is to continue the functions now performed by public education, must continue to be performed either in school or elsewhere. If they are performed in school they must be paid for by taxation. If performed in the home or by volunteer activity they will be paid for in other ways. It is a doctrine ingrained in American life that property shall be taxed for the education of children. If a group of workers are to be trained specially for public school work they should be assured a professional employment status and a living income. The service is to the children. People now are spending from two to four percent of their income for the education of the children. They must continue such support. Economy in organization and management should be secured through Boards of Education. The school profession cannot maintain schools without the support of the people who created the schools to perform a cooperative function.

It is clearly the responsibility

of the school profession to conduct good schools at all times. It is clearly the responsibility of the public to support good schools. Neither can shift the burden to the other. In any case in which class conflict between school workers and tax payers develop there is present a misunderstanding of the principles set forth in this lesson. Counts says (The American Road to Culture, pp. 16-17)

> "Confront practically any group of citizens with a difficult problem in the sphere of human relations and they will suggest education as the solution. Indeed this belief in the general beneficence of education is one of the fetishes of American society. Although the processes of tuition may be but obscurely understood by the popular mind, they are thought to possess something akin to magical power. Perhaps the most striking aspect of this phenomenon, however, lies in the fact that education is identified with the work of the school; as a consequence the faith in education becomes a faith in the school, and the school is looked upon as a worker of miracles. In fact, the school is the American road to culture."

It is in school that childhood is trained. Home makes life of children secure. Both must work together in understanding and appreciation.

My Song of Songs

By Henry F. Kirkham

Oh, once I sang grandly the glory of war,
Of the bugle's clear call, the guns' sullen roar;
But always there ran through that martial refrain
The cries of the wounded, the tears of the slain.

Again, I sang proudly the song of the great,
Of the fulness of life, the masters of fate;
Yet softly as shadows that creep through a nave,
Came faint echoes sighing—"all lost in the grave."

So ever runs lightly that sad note I name,
"What use of mere riches, what hope in mere fame?"
When even the love of a man for a maid
Like roses may wither, like twilight may fade.

Still somewhere, I'm sure, there's a song I shall sing,
Full-throated and pure as a lark on the wing;
Like the stars of heaven resplendent above,
Just a song of sweet childhood, a song of true love.

SERVING THE MISSIONARY

MISSIONARY PROGRAMS

We have always been the recognized headquarters for printed missionary programs. Courtesy, promptness, and most reasonable prices, characterize this branch of our service. Most prospective missionaries know that they can save time and trouble by seeing us first.

STAMPING NAMES ON BOOKS

Expert workmen assure artistic gold stamping work. A missionary's name on a book not only marks that book as his, and lessens the chance of its loss, but also immeasurably enhances its value in his eyes.

The Deseret News Press

29 RICHARDS STREET SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

The University of Utah Summer School

offers excellent training for social workers, including public health nurses.

Courses are offered in: "The Field of Social Work," "Family Case Work," "Mental Hygiene," "Child Psychology," "Administration of a Public Health Program." Other courses in Sociology, Economics, English, Home Economics, Hygiene, Education, Psychology, Philosophy, will also be very helpful to officers and teachers in the Relief Society.

Auditor's fee, $3.00 per course; public lectures, free.

Two major social problems of today will be dealt with in six-weeks courses and public lectures by outstanding authorities:

Dr. Thomas Nixon Carver, Professor of Political Economy, Emeritus, Harvard University: "The Distribution of Wealth," and "The Economics Foundations of Society."

Dr. Henry Neumann, Leader, Brooklyn Society for Ethical Culture: "Character Education," and "Ethical Values in Literature."

Six-weeks Session .....June 11—July 20

Post Session .....July 25—August 17

Write the President's Office, University of Utah, for Bulletin

BENEFICIAL LIVES

The very best method to positively assure happiness and comfort the later years of life is through a Benefici Life Savings Investment Policy.

Our easy payment program guarantees unequaled values and h proven America's safest saving syste

A BENEFICIAL REPRESENTATIVE WILL GLADLY EXPLAIN IN DETAIL— AND NO OBLIGATION TO YOU.

BENEFICIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Is your Life Insurance BENEFICIAL

HOME OFFICE SALT LAKE CITY

HEBER J. GRANT, PRESIDENT — E. T. RALPHS, GEN. MGR.

DIRECTORS

HEBER J. GRANT	GEO. J. CANNON	B. F. GRANT
A. W. IVINS	JOS. F. SMITH	DAVID O. MCKAY
J. REUBEN CLARK, JR.	E. T. RALPHS	A. B. C. OHLSON